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## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Correspondence of Richard Bentley, D.D.*  
2 vols. 8vo. pp. 838. London, J. Murray.

WE are here to review a work which we will take upon us to assert will never be wholly read by any person living; but which, nevertheless, contains a vast mass of learning, and an infinite variety of valuable criticisms upon the Scriptures, Greek authors (particularly Aristophanes), and many *veritate* *questiones* in other departments of literature, which have engaged the attention and puzzled the brains of scholars, since the revival of letters, throughout the civilised world. The acumen and profundity of Bentley are too well known not to render it utterly uncalled for in us to do more than remind our readers of their confessed superiority. Throughout these pages they shine with undiminished lustre on every topic investigated and discussed; and the entire correspondence displays a supreme intelligence, the more delightful to contemplate because it is free from the bitterness and rancour of angry controversy.

With regard to the editor, Mr. C. Wordsworth of Harrow, he seems to have been deeply impressed with the importance of his task; which was begun by Dr. Monk, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol; transferred by his lordship to the late Rev. J. Wordsworth; and now taken up by his brother as a fraternal legacy. "The present volumes," he tells us, "are designed to contain the whole of Dr. Bentley's extant correspondence, with the exception of such letters as were published in his lifetime. Thus the reader will not expect to find here his epistle to Dr. Mill, printed in 1691, or his letter to the Bishop of Ely in 1710, or that of an anonymous correspondent to Dr. Bentley, in 1716, on his projected edition of the New Testament. The editor has, however, reprinted Bentley's brief answer to the last-mentioned epistle, as well as the letter from Mr. Laurence, and the reply, written in 1726; and he has designedly excluded an unpublished letter from Mr. Parne to Dr. Bentley in 1736. (Harleian MSS. 7187.) The letters, it will be observed, are placed in chronological order; and, thus arranged, will, it is hoped, reflect light upon the narrative of Bishop Monk, and be illustrated by it."

The sources whence they are derived are specified in the notes; and whether previously published or not, every letter has been carefully collated with the original; and it may farther be explained, that the larger portion is derived from a collection of *inedited* letters addressed by English and continental scholars to Dr. Bentley during his long literary life, from 1689 to 1740—a period of more than half a century.

The majority of them are in the Latin language, of which the editor is a most enthusiastic admirer—far outstripping in his eulogy thereon the sober praise accorded to it by every body as a safe universal medium for the intercommunication of literary and scientific information among parties who speak different tongues. In his fervour he tells us that Kuster, the learned Westphalian, must sink greatly in our estimation

in consequence of appending a broken English postscript to a Latin letter. Now, with all respect for Latin, we must say that we do not think a whit the less of Kuster's abilities on account of his attempt at conveying a few of his ideas in a language which he could write but imperfectly. Here is the sample; and we put it to readers to say whether they agree with the editor or with us. Jan. 8, 1706, is the date, and the P.S. as follows:—

"P.S. I shal goe within few days to Amsterdam, where I shall stay for the other gentlemen deputies from your University for the Francfort jubilee. We went together from Berlin to Hannover; but from thence they went to Hamburg, Bremen, Groningen, etc., for to goe Holland: which places I having seen before, I went directly to Holland. Mr. Crownfield shal tel you more by mouth of that which hath passed at Berlin. What glorious newes have we had lately. To-day we hear here that Ostend hath submitted to King Charles; and two days ago there came an express to the Hage, to the Emperor's Envoye, who brought a particular relation of the relief of Barcelona; that the siege was raised the same day when the son was eclipsed; that the french armee was totally routed, with the los of 8000 man, which died at the spot; that they left behind tham all their cannons, mortars, bagage, etc.; and that King Philippus escaped narrowly; who, as I hear to day, is already passed through Montpelier. But of this you must have the news in a short time in Engeland. If you please to answer me, you may direct the letter to Amsterdam, and recommend it to Mr. Halma, who will take care that I may receive it. Vale iterum."

This is rather an amusing specimen; but we repeat, we cannot undervalue the writer's mind because of his pleasant blundering with our native idiom. But on the score of languages Mr. Wordsworth is wonderfully eloquent; and, curious enough to observe, not very grammatical nor intelligible. Thus, "the employment of modern languages for such purposes is personally disadvantageous to the writer. This, indeed, is a minor consideration; but even so the present work may be of some use, as a caution to those who may need it, how they suffer themselves to be tempted to employ foreign languages in their written communications on literary subjects with their learned contemporaries. To be conversant, indeed, with the principal languages of Europe, but not to use them for such a purpose, seems to be the duty of a scholar. There is much risk of his using them ill. But this is not the question. *As a scholar* he is not less excusable if he use them well." With due deference to the learned editor, for the word "*less*" in the last line, we should have said "*more*;" but let us hear the encomium out. "Indeed, in this latter case, by inducing others to imitate him, his practice is likely to prove even *more* detrimental to the society of which he is a member. But, whether he use them well or ill, *by using* them he deserts the literary community to which he belongs. He is, as the Greeks expressed it, an ἀπαιδαγμένος, or, by another figure, a λιποναύτης. He sets an example, which, if followed, must lead to

the dissolution of the literary republic of which he is a citizen. Our intellectual forefathers readily communicated their thoughts to each other without knowing any living language but their own; we have learned each other's tongues, and now enjoy but little of such communication. Their intercourse was rendered easier by their ignorance; we have become silent by learning to speak. When men of learning have ceased to possess a common language, they will soon forget that they have a common country; they will no longer regard each other as intellectual compatriots—they will be Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen; but not scholars."

Heaven keep us from the second confusion of Babel, and enable us to write pure Latin! In this case we should never use *minus* for *plus*!

Among the gratifications afforded by the work, it is not one of the least to meet with letters from such worthies of another age as Newton, Evelyn, Barnes, Grævius, Spanheim, Burmann, Wetstein, Archbishop Wake, Mead, and other interesting persons; but the most important of them are too well known to justify repetition.

By way of change, we will quote the gist of a letter which we could hardly have expected to meet with among such subjects as the work in general presents; being nothing else than the story of an apparition, communicated by Mr. Caswell the mathematician to Dr. Bentley the divine and scholar. The date is December 1695.

"I have sent you (writes Mr. C.) inclosed a relation of an apparition: the story I had from two persons, who each had it from the author, and yet the accounts somewhat varied; and passing through more mouths has varied much more. Therefore I got a friend to bring me to the author at a chamber, where I wrote it down from the author's mouth, after which I read it to him, and gave him another copy: he said he could swear to the truth of it, as far as he is concerned. He is the curate of Warblington, batchelour of arts of Trinity Coll. in Oxford, about six years' standing in the university. I hear no ill report of his behaviour here. He is now gone to his curacy: he has promised to send up the hands of the tenant and his man, who is a smith by trade, and the farmer's men, as far as they are concerned. Mr. Brereton, the rector, would have him say nothing of the story; for that he can get no tenant, though he has offered the house and grange for 10l. year less. Mr. Pitfield, the former incumbent, whom the apparition represented, was a man of a very ill report. . . . but I advised the curate to say nothing himself of this last part of Pitfield, but leave that to the parishioners, who knew him. Those that knew this Pitfield say he had exactly such a gown, and that he used to whistle. Yours, J. Caswell.—I desire you not to suffer any copy of this to be taken, lest some Mercury news-teller should print it, till the curate has sent up the testimony of others.

This for the Rev. Mr. Richard Bentley, at my Lord Bishop of Worcester's House in Park Street in Westminster, London."

"This Mr. Caswell, the mathematician.  
R. B."

"Oxon, Dec. 11, 1695.

"At Warblington, near Havaunt, in Hampshire, within six miles of Portsmouth, in the parsonage-house dwelt Thomas Perce, the tenant, with his wife and a child, and a man-servant Thomas—and a maid-servant. About the beginning of August, anno 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being gone to bed except the maid with the child, the maid being in the kitchen, and having raked up the fire, took a candle in one hand and the child in the other arm, and turning about, saw one in a black gown walking through the room, and thence out of the door into the orchard: upon this, the maid, hasting up stairs, having recovered but two steps, cried out; on which the master and mistress ran down, found the candle in her hand, she grasping the child about its neck with the other arm: she told them the reason of her crying out. She would not that night tarry in the house, but removed to another belonging to one Henry Salter, farmer, where she cried out all the night from the terror she was in; and she could not be persuaded to go any more to the house upon any terms. On the morrow, i.e. Tuesday, the tenant's wife came to me, lodging then at Havaunt, to desire my advice, and have me consult with some friends about it. I told her I thought it was a sham, and that they had a design to abuse Mr. Brereton the rector, whose house it was: she desired me to come up; I told her I would come up, and sit up or lie there as she pleased; for then as to all stories of ghosts and apparitions I was an infidel. I went thither, and sat up the Tuesday night with the tenant and his man-servant. About twelve or one o'clock I searched all the rooms in the house to see if any body were hid there to impose upon me: at last we came into a lumber-room, there I smiling told the tenant that was with me, that I would call for the apparition, if there was any, and oblige him to come: the tenant then seemed to be afraid, but I told him I would defend him from harm; and then I repeated Barbara, Celarent, Darij, &c. On this the tenant's countenance changed, so that he was ready to drop down with fear: then I told him I perceived he was afraid, and I would prevent its coming, and repeated Baraliopt, &c.; then he recovered his spirits pretty well, and we left the room, and went down into the kitchen, where we were before, and sat up there the remaining part of the night, and had no manner of disturbance. Wednesday night, the tenant and I lay together, and the man by himself, and had no manner of disturbance. Thursday night, the tenant and I lay together in one room, and the man in another room, and he saw something walk along in a black gown, and place itself against a window, and there stood for some time, and then walked off. Friday morning, the man relating this, I asked him why he did not call me, and I told him that I thought that was a trick or sham: he told me the reason why he did not call me was, that he was not able to speak or move. . . . Friday night, we lay as before, and Saturday night, and had no disturbance either of the nights. Sunday night, I lay by myself in one room (not that where the man saw the apparition), and the tenant and his man in one bed in another room; and betwixt twelve and two the man heard something walk in their room at their bed's foot, and whistling very well: at last it came to the bed's side, drew the curtain, and looked on them: after some time it moved off. Then the man called to me, desired me to come; for that there was something in

the room went about whistling: I asked him whether he had any light, or could strike one? He told me no: then I leaped out of bed; and, not staying to put on my clothes, went out of my room, and along a gallery to their door, which I found locked or bolted. I desired him to unbolt the door, for that I could not get in; then he got out of bed and opened the door, which was near, and went immediately to bed again. I went in three or four steps; and, it being a moonshine night, I saw the apparition move from the bed's feet, and clap up against the wall that divided their room and mine. I went and stood directly against it, within my arm's length of it, and asked it, in the name of God, what it was, what made it come disturbing of us. I stood some time expecting an answer, and receiving none, and thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room to fright me, I put out my arm to feel it, and my hand seemingly went through the body of it, and felt no manner of substance till it came to the wall; then I drew back my hand, and still it was in the same place. Till now I had not the least fear, and even now had very little; then I adjured it to tell me what it was: when I had said those words, it, keeping its back against the wall, moved gently along toward the door; I followed it, and it going out at the door, turned its back toward me: it went a little along the gallery; I followed it a little into the gallery, and it disappeared, where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery, where was the stairs. Then I found myself very cold from my feet as high as my middle, though I was not in great fear. I went into the bed betwixt the tenant and his man, and they complained of my being exceeding cold. . . . The tenant's man leaned over his master in the bed, and saw me stretch out my arm toward the apparition, and heard me speak the words: the tenant also heard the words. . . . The apparition seemed to have a morning gown of a darkish colour, no hat nor cap, short black hair, a thin meagre visage, of a pale swarthy colour, seemed to be of about forty-five or fifty years old; the eyes half shut, the arms hanging down, the hands visible beneath the sleeve; of a middle stature. I related this description to Mr. John Larner, rector of Havaunt, and to Major Battin of Langstone, in Havaunt parish: they both said the description agreed very well to Mr. Pitfield, a former rector of the place, who has been dead above xx. years. . . . Upon this the tenant and his family left the house, which has remained void since. The Monday after last Michaelmas day, a man of Chedson, in Warwickshire, having been at Havaunt fair, passed by the foresaid parsonage-house about nine or ten at night, and saw a light in most of the rooms of the house, his pathway being close by the house: he, wondering at the light, looked into the kitchen window, and saw only a light; but, turning himself about to go away, he saw the appearance of a man in a long gown; he made haste away, the apparition followed him over a piece of glebe land of several acres to a lane, which he crossed, and over a little meadow; then over another lane to some pales, which belong to Farmer Henry Salter, my landlord, near a barn, in which were some of the farmer's men and some others: this man went into the barn, told them how he was frightened, and followed from the parsonage-house by an apparition, which they might see standing against the pales if they went out: they went out, and saw it scratch against the pales, and make a hideous noise: it stood there some time, and then disappeared. Their description agreed with what I saw. This last ac-

count I had from the man himself whom it followed, and also from the farmer's men.

"Tho. Wilkins, curate of W."

With this characteristic sketch of the opinions, feelings, and manners of the times, we shall now dismiss this otherwise learned collection; and only remark, that instead of John Murray of Albemarle, it ought to have been published by Richard Bentley of New Burlington Street; though, were either of these eminent booksellers to publish their own correspondence with the authors of our day, we would venture to hint it would be more entertaining, if less erudite, than the present work.

*Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands, &c.* By William Mure, of Caldwell. 2 vols. post 8vo. Blackwoods, London and Edinburgh.

AMPLEY prepared by a liberal education, and apparently by a thorough acquaintance with the Greek classics and language, as well as by the careful study of modern authorities on the subject of Greece—such as Col. Leake, Dodwell, Gell, Dr. Ross, Gordon, the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature* (which contain many excellent papers on Grecian archaeology and topography), &c.—Mr. Mure has produced a very gratifying journal, which will be read with pleasure, both by those who desire to look at the present state of the country, and by those who delight in the illustration of its antiquities. These two form so large a class, that the writer need desire no more extended circle to estimate his labours. A neat map, and a number of plans and lithographs of remarkable places, add to the value of the publication; and the text is of so plain and unaffected a style, and the opinions so modestly advanced, that we are sure these merits will be fully appreciated by every reader of taste. The route lay from Ancona to Corfu, and thence principally through Ithaca, Acarnania, Ætolia, the Gulf of Corinth, Livadia, Beotia, Attica, Argos, Arcadia, and Sparta.

With most of the sites visited, preceding travellers have made us tolerably intimate; and we shall therefore content ourselves with quoting from Mr. Mure only a few varieties of a recent character, which will serve to exemplify the nature of his work, and leave the work itself to be consulted as one of mingled interest and intelligence well worthy of general acceptance.

With regard to the condition and prospects of Greece, Mr. Mure describes the former as very unsettled in many districts, and the latter as unfavourable to the continuance and long duration of the Bavarian government. The administration of justice is most imperfect; and the ferocity, not only of Klepts, but of robber-peasants and shepherds, leads to sanguinary murders and common insecurity of person and property. The case of an old schoolmaster called Soleure, accused of the murder of his wife and son, is a singular instance of the state of things, and would make a striking figure in the *Causes Célèbres*; and a Kleptic assassination and plunder of a cotton-merchant near Elis, in the face of day and numerous witnesses, affords one of the many fearful proofs of the miserable condition of the people. [See vol. i. chap. 5, for Soleure's trial; and vol. ii. p. 292, for the last-mentioned butchery.]

Our first extract will give some idea of Greek travelling; being a night in a khan, called San Vlasio, near Eleusis in Attica:—

"It was our original intention to have

reached Lipsina, the ancient Eleusis, that night; but the depth of the ground on the plains, and the snow on the mountain, had so far retarded our course, that we were obliged to halt at a khan, called San Vlasio, not far from the extremity of the valley—the poorest place of its class I had yet seen. It was, as usual, an oblong shed; but without subdivision or compartment of any kind. Three-fourths of the area were occupied by stabling; the remaining space, allotted for the accommodation of travellers, wanted the raised wooden platform which we had hitherto found in similar establishments, and offered nothing but a vacant extent of bare ground, slightly raised into a hearth in the centre, with the shelf of the khanjee in one corner, and the luggage of the travellers deposited along the walls on each side. The place was already occupied by several guests, and the number was swelled by the arrival of fresh parties every two or three minutes. There seemed to be many travellers on the road, and this khan had been selected by the majority as their halting-place for the night; I know not by what fatality, as it was but a halfway-house from the capital in this direction. The wretchedness of this night's lodging, and of several others, equally comfortable, with which I was afterwards obliged to be satisfied, was amply compensated by the opportunity they afforded of witnessing scenes of a very curious description, and of obtaining an insight into the habits of the population, of which I should have been deprived, had I adopted the plan sometimes resorted to by travellers, of pitching my tent at each resting-place; the only one by which a tolerable degree of personal comfort can be secured in a tour through these regions. The party within the khan consisted, on our arrival, of an Albanian chasseur, of the same class and equipment as my fellow-lodgers at Livadia; an Athenian barber, and his travelling companion,—a substantial-looking person, who, from his excessive loquacity, in which he was only surpassed by his comrade of the razor, I presumed to belong to the same lively race. It was afterwards increased to fourteen men, and at least an equal number of horses or mules; by the arrival of new guests in rapid succession, each of whom, after tying up his beasts, took his place in the circle by the fire in the usual squatting position. I had secured on one side space sufficient for my mattress; and as I sat contemplating with dismay the rapid accumulation of animal filth in the midst of which I was to pass the night, I saw thrust through the entry the head and neck of a camel; which, however, after gazing wistfully around, first at the stable, and then at the fire, was withdrawn by its proprietor, convinced of the insufficiency of the passage to admit the residue of his person, which had remained outside during the reconnoitre. This apparition excited peals of laughter from the party within, who all united in good-humoured entreaties to the landlord of the khan to extend its hospitality to the poor foreigner. The thing, however, was found impracticable; and he was obliged to pass the night in the open air, meekly kneeling on all-fours under an olive-tree, and munching a bundle of hay strewn on the ground before him. These hovels have no chimneys of any kind—a rare luxury even in the better class of Greek cottages, the smoke being allowed to escape through the roof. This is very severe upon the eyes; but as the wood used is generally of a kind that emits but little smoke, and the open spaces between the tiles are not only quite sufficient to give it free issue, but even

to afford a good view of the starry heaven above, one suffers less from the inconvenience than might be supposed. On the present occasion, indeed, there was some danger of a practical illustration of the old Greek proverb,—‘Out of the smoke into the fire.’ The night was chill, and the flames were soon increased by an accumulation of dry pine and olive-branches from the neighbouring forest, to a furnace of terrific heat and power, crackling and blazing most furiously to the very roof-tree of the hovel. This at first afforded much childish diversion to the rest of the circle; but great discomfort to myself, from the excessive heat and dazzling of the flames. I was besides in momentary expectation of the khan taking fire, when it would certainly have been burned to the ground—a catastrophe which, with its consequences, would at least have supplied my journal-book with an important adventure. The khanjee, however, with several of his other guests, also soon became alarmed, and took effectual measures to reduce the flames. Each man now pulled out his supper from his wallet, consisting of brown bread, garlic, leeks, preserved olives, and other dried vegetables, with abundance of wine. Every traveller or party carries his supply of liquor, in one or more large round wooden bottles, with flat sides, in form not unlike a lady's flat-sided smelling-bottle, with a short neck or spout at one end, and four little pegs or feet at the other, to admit of its standing upright. Glasses or mugs are dispensed with. The bottle, when common to a party, is handed round, and each sucks his fill from the spout in his turn. The practice of diluting with water, so universal in antiquity that drunkard and ‘bibber of unmixed wine’ (*ἄκρατον πίνων*) were nearly synonymous terms, is now quite obsolete. The khanjee is expected to furnish little more than shelter, fireplace, and fuel. The remainder of the entertainment, for either man or horse, forms part of the traveller's baggage. Mine host has, however, generally a limited stock of the customary fare for a case of emergency. The dried olives chiefly belonged to his store; and I seldom failed in obtaining plenty of fresh eggs, or even a fowl from his hen-roost. On the present occasion, as there appeared a deficiency of bread, he set about providing a supply, in a mode which realised to the letter the Scripture account of Sarah's baking. He ‘took quickly a measure of meal, kneaded it, and made a cake on the hearth.’ The loaf he produced was in fact a large round flat cake, or bannock, of about twenty inches in breadth, and three in thickness. When properly kneaded and shaped, it was laid upon the hearth, completely imbedded in a nest of fine embers deadened with ash, and was very soon ready for consumption. This was a common kind of loaf among the ancients, called *Encryphas*, or *Pyriates*, and by other varieties of name in different provinces and dialects. The conversation, in the meantime, became exceedingly animated, and would doubtless have been to me as interesting as to those who took part in it, could I have followed it out sufficiently, nor had I ever more reason to regret my imperfect familiarity with the modern Greek idiom. But although unable to keep pace with the voluble rapidity of the discourse, I made out from its general tenour, and the frequent recurrence of the word *Kleph*, with some others of similar import, that the subject of one of the liveliest discussions was the ‘cursed law of witnesses,’ in connexion with the robbery of the morning, and others recently committed in the neighbourhood under circumstances equally tending to evince the

bad effects of the new statute. All agreed in reprobating so dangerous an innovation on old national custom, though not without a good deal of altercation on collateral points. Each man had his tale of predatory adventure to relate, in which, doubtless, not a few had been actors, as well as sufferers. From hence they proceeded to politics at large, and the state and prospects of the country. The principal orators were the barber and his fellow-traveller; the former, more especially, who harangued with surpassing grace and fluency, and with all that air of conceit and authority which both his profession and nation entitled him to assume. His eloquence, though addressed to his antagonist or the company at large, I plainly observed, from his occasional side-glances in my direction, at the moment of his most pompous periods, was chiefly intended to produce an effect on myself. He was a short, slight, compactly built figure, with lively black eyes, a swarthy complexion, and somewhat oriental cast of countenance; dressed, not, like his neighbours, in the white fustanella or philibeg, but in loose jacket and levant trousers of a dingy olive colour, fastened at the knee round a stocking of the same hue; and as he sat, with his body bolt upright, his head crowned with his little conical skull-cap, and his legs tucked under him, sawing the air with his arms in energetic action, he put one very much in mind of an Indian juggler, or of one of those little squatting bronze idols, representing, I believe, the god Budha, which became common in our mythological cabinets after the last great Birmese war. The Chimariote warrior and Nicola, who resembled each other a good deal in temper and manner, occasionally hazarded a few laconic or sarcastic remarks, indicating the mixture of amusement and of contempt excited by the garrulity of the Athenian; but scarcely any one of the party ventured formally to enter the lists with the two Attic orators. My Boeotian attendants said little or nothing; but with the characteristic phlegm of their race, turned their eyes from the one speaker to the other, as each took the lead in the argument, with looks, whether of indifference, or of admiration at their eloquence, it was not easy to distinguish; and during the heat of the discussion, their physical wants having been satisfied, they lay down and composed themselves to sleep. As the debate began to flag, their example was followed by the rest of the company. The bed-accommodation consisted partly of rush mats, of which the khan supplied a certain number, its only domestic furniture—partly of their own shaggy goat-skin capotes; while those who affected the luxury of a pillow, used their wallets, corn-sacks, or other articles of luggage best adapted to the purpose. Each man, as successively overpowered by the influence of the drowsy god, stretched himself out with his feet to the fire and his head to the wall, so that their arrangement might be compared to the spokes of a wheel, of which the hearth was the axle. The symmetry of this figure was, however, soon greatly disturbed. The space was but confined for so large a party; and when some of them, growing restless, began to turn or toss in their sleep, the spectacle that presented itself was as curious as it was degrading and offensive. Every here and there the figures were to be seen promiscuously blended, so as to render it difficult to distinguish to whom the splay feet, brawny legs and arms, and bushy heads, sprawling over each other, belonged. The snoring too was deafening; and the animal stench, independent of the fumes



of onions and garlic with which the air was previously impregnated, most overpowering. I had managed to keep my bed in a corner, tolerably secure from the encroachments of the crowd; and, deprived of sleep by the assaults of my cruel enemies the fleas, amused myself, as I lay contemplating the scene, with the parody which offered itself on Homer's description of the bed of Ulysses among the seals, in the island of Pharos:

πῶς μιν αἰνέσαςτο λῆξεν ἔλκτο, πῶς γὰρ αἰνέσεν  
Ἐλκῶν σκευδοποιεῖν ἐλάσαςτο δόμον. *Odys. iv. 441.*

'A fearful couch was there, where smells unclean  
Salute the nose from garlic-fed Hellene.'

Nor were we long in want of a Proteus to make up the fulness of the analogy; for in the midst of my Homeric reveries, I was startled, together with my sleeping companions, by a loud knock at the door; and on the latch being drawn up by the khandee, in walked a Chorophylax, or gendarme, in full accoutrement, with a country fellow behind him, carrying a long gun upon his shoulder; a detachment of the party engaged in unsuccessful pursuit of the thieves. After reconnoitring with an air of official authority the groups around the fire, the gendarme inquired, in a peremptory tone, who and whence we were, and insisted on each man giving an account of himself. The Albanian, and the stout Athenian, who seemed to be considered the principal civilian present, became vouchers for the respectability of their fellow-lodgers, explaining, to the best of their knowledge, in answer to his queries, the character and profession of each, commencing with myself and suite; and all to his apparent satisfaction. His stern rigour of mien and language gradually thawed; and after swallowing a draught of wine from the bottle next within his reach, and exchanging a word or two with his Albanian comrade, in which he described the inefficacy of their search after the robbers, he warmed himself over the embers for a few moments; and then taking his place in the circle, with the remainder of the party, was soon fast asleep:

ἵππας δ' ἄρ' ἐπύχοντο, λίσσας δ' ἀρβύλους  
ἵππας ἑσπέρους λίγα κόνιστον, εὐδὲ τι θυμῷ  
ἀσπὴν δάδον ἔνικα, ἵππας δὲ λίσσας καὶ αὐτοῖς.

*Odys. iv. 452.*

'The whole he counts and passes in review,  
Ourselves first reckon'd to the slumbering crew;  
Then all mistrust discarded from his breast,  
He lays him down and slumbers with the rest.'

Harassed by my feverish state of wakefulness, I walked out to regale myself with the fresh air. It was a calm, clear night. The rays of a brilliant moon playing through the silvery foliage of the olive-groves, over the dark clustering tops of the pines, and lighting up the mountain glades and rocks which they clothed, made one feel oneself the more certainly in Attica, where they rendered the contrast between the splendours of nature, and the degraded condition of nature's lords in this fair desert, the more striking. On a piece of smooth greensward, hard by the door, under a large olive-tree, knelt the camel, in the same humble posture in which he had been left by his master five or six hours before. I made acquaintance with him by gathering and presenting him with a few fresh blades of grass, scratching his forehead, and other little marks of attention. I had serious thoughts of taking up my mattress and cloaks, and making my bed by his side. The air, however, though clear and tranquil, was damp and chill; and preferring present discomfort to the risk of catching a fever, and the consequent interruption of my journey, I returned for the few remaining hours of night to the warmth and stench of the khan.

From among the antiquarian and other notices we select the following specimens. At Corinth—

"The mythical history of the Acrocorinthus, as transmitted by Pausanias, where it is described as a present from Briareus to the Sun, and from the Sun to Venus, expresses, by an appropriate and concise allegory, the vastness of its natural features, and the proverbial beauty and splendour of the city over whose destinies it presided. There is still a brilliancy in the surrounding scenery, even in its present degraded state, which contrasts finely with the solemn majesty of this its principal feature. \* \* \* I looked in vain among the ruins, and over the surrounding plains, for the celebrated acanthus plant, fabled to have first suggested to the Corinthian architect the design of the beautiful order which still inherits the name of his native city. The ground in many places, in the neighbourhood of the columns more especially, was covered with a rich profusion of other wild herbs of great size and luxuriance; but I was unable to discover a single specimen of the one I was in search of. I was equally unsuccessful at Athens, Sparta, and throughout the remainder of Greece, although this was the favourable season for its growth. Besides the Palatine hill of Rome, many parts of which are thickly clothed with this beautiful plant, the only other site where I have ever observed it in a natural state, is among the ruins of the Pelagic city of Cossa, on the coast of the Tuscan maremma."

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### Rambling Recollections of a Soldier of Fortune.

By W. H. Maxwell, author of "Stories of Waterloo," "Wild Sports of the West," &c. Pp. 296. Dublin, Curry, jun. and Co.; London, Longman and Co.

ALWAYS spirited in his narratives, our author has here taken, as his foundation for several stories, events which have occurred in actual life; some of them tragical, and others of a more amusing character. Among the former, the execution of Major Campbell for a duel in Ireland holds a painful place: but there are eight other papers of a mixed class, which serve to relieve the distress of that example of Cruel Justice!

In his preface Mr. Maxwell dwells with honest and natural gratification on the progressive advance of Irish literature within the last few years; and it must gratify every lover of letters to observe that the talent and genius of Ireland can be manifested from its native soil, as well as when incorporated with the general exertion and soul\* of the British empire.

Passing over a vivid description of a western Highland domicile—the Outcast, a military tale of Spain (of which order we have had nearly enough)—the Unknown, a romance of love and war—the First Steeple-Chase, a *Leverian* sketch—and their companions; we will make our only example of Mr. Maxwell's Ramblings from one of his Irish bits, called *McDermott's Story*, and being a portion of the fortunes of that hero.

"When the militia were disembodied, a number of meritorious soldiers like myself were permitted to exchange the sword for the ploughshare, and become members of that respectable portion of the Connaught community, usually designated 'walking gentlemen.' My campaign in the gallant Galway had unfitted me

\* "To incorporate with the soul," is a figure of speech which we dare to use only on an Irish subject.—*Ed. L. G.*

for any honest calling—and now, 'my occupation gone'—after the hunting-season ended, I tired of the monotony of Kiltycormack, and the ennui of a life of idleness heavily oppressed me. My father, as a panacea for my complaint, recommended farming; my mother proposed matrimony; and the domestic confessor, as in duty bound, averred upon his conscience, that there was no cure for a case like mine but 'rum and true religion.' To the use of all and every of these remedies, I felt disinclined; when the opportune arrival of my maternal uncle, Captain O'Flagherty, to spend the Easter holidays, decided my fate. It was after dinner, and I had strolled out into the garden, leaving my honoured parents, their worthy guest, and Father Denis Boyle, in close divan. My father extracted a fresh cork. 'Dick,' he said, addressing the gallant captain, 'I don't know what the devil to do with Frank. It's a mortal sin to see a strapping fellow like him idling about the stables. I offered him the farm of Durneen, and to stock it into the bargain—but he won't have it.' 'And I wanted him,' said my lady-mother, 'to marry Judith O'Brien. He can have Judy for the asking; and she has two thousand pounds, and that ready.' 'Two hundred a year when her grandfather hops the twig,' added the commander. 'And the devil a soul her uncle has to give a rap to, as every body knows, but her own four bones—and Father Bradley will leave a churn-full of half-crowns behind him,' quoth the confessor. 'And what objection can the boy have to the match?' inquired Captain O'Flagherty. 'He can't abide poor Judy,' replied my mamma, 'because she has a turn in her left eye.' 'Nonsense,' said the captain; 'let him always look at her steadily in the right one.' 'The family is objectionable,' rejoined my sire. 'Her grandfather was a brogue-maker—and her aunt went off with a recruiting sergeant.' 'Well, you know that Frank would have no fancy to claim kindred with Father Bradley; and there's a prejudice against priest's nieces in general. It will never do,' observed the captain. 'But I have it; send him to England. He's a tearing-looking fellow—let him but play his cards decently, and he'll bring home an heiress in half a year. Nothing goes down there but an Irishman—and the more brogue the better.' After what is termed in parliamentary language 'an animated debate,' it was decided that I should proceed directly to the British metropolis, put myself in the way of fortune, and conquest was a matter of course; while my mother, honest gentlewoman, lost half her night's rest in determining which of 'the best bed-rooms her daughter-in-law should occupy—the blue or the buff one.' On this excellent errand of fortune-hunting I bade adieu to home, and reached London safely. All was strange to me in that Mighty mass of brick, and stone, and shipping. I took lodgings in a private street near Russell Square; and spent—as fresh ones generally do—a whole week in looking for and at 'the lions.' Before I had occupied my quarters many days, I could not avoid noticing the marked attention with which my movements were observed by a stout gentlewoman, my opposite neighbour. I inquired from my hostess who was the person under whose surveillance I found myself; and learned that she was the widow of a tradesman, and had been left extremely wealthy, to the great annoyance of his kindred, even to the third and fourth generations. They had disputed the validity of the will; failed in the attempt; incurred the eternal displeasure of the dowager; and lost every hope of inheriting a sixpence from the

irritated relict of the departed sugar-boiler. A month passed: no heiress presented herself; and all I had to comfort me was the increased admiration of my fat friend and neighbour, Mrs. Green. The Ascot meeting came, and thither, of course, I hastened; for there beauty would be found—and to one so deep in the arcana of the turf as I, the trip, no doubt, would prove profitable as pleasant. The week passed over on which I made my *début*; and its history shall be a brief one. Of my favourites one fell—the other was hounded; and on the wind-up I found myself a ‘cleaned-out man,’ and master of a solitary guinea! Never was an Irish gentleman in more uncharitable temper with the human race than myself, as I crossed Russell Square on the way to my own domicile. It was evening; and I remarked a young lady issue from a house, leading a Blenheim spaniel in a ribbon leash. She was scarcely twenty yards before me, when a vulgar, over-dressed fellow accosted her, to her evident annoyance. The lady quickened her pace, and so did her persecutor. He whispered something, and she averted her head; but, with intolerable impudence, the fellow seized the ribbon and took possession of the favourite. I hurried up. The girl, with tears running down her pretty face, was vainly remonstrating with the scoundrel; but I took a shorter and more successful method,—kicked him off the pathway, restored the spaniel to his mistress, and offered my protection, which was promptly and gratefully accepted. We traversed several streets, and stopped at a handsome residence, which the lady informed me was her father’s. She thanked me, and bade me good evening. A footman admitted her; the door closed—I lingered for a minute—ascertained the number of the house—and read upon a brass plate the name of ‘Mr. Selwyn.’ As I walked home, my head was in a whirlwind—one while brooding over my losses; at another dreaming of the pretty girl and her dog. I threw myself on the sofa, and commenced castle-building, when my reveries were broken by the maid, who handed me a sealed note. I opened it. For the life of me I could not but laugh—it was an invitation to tea, from Mrs. Green, the stout gentleman opposite. Should I accept it? Pshaw! the thing was too ridiculous. She was older than my mother. I hesitated: that evening I had nothing to do—hang it! it would kill time for an hour. I took my hat, crossed the street, and found myself in the presence of the sugar-boiler’s widow. Mrs. Green was a comely dowager, now falling rapidly into flesh and years, but who no doubt some twenty summers since was of that class of vulgar beauty that one so frequently meets within the sound of Bow bells. She was as much over-dressed as her drawing-room was over-furnished. I was introduced by a piquant and pretty-looking spider-brusher to her presence; and, for some minutes, I never saw a hostess and her guest more grievously embarrassed than the widow and myself. I shall abridge the interview. Mrs. Green recovered her self-possession first, and came at once to business. She had four hundred pounds a year; ten thousand pounds in the three per cents; her house was freehold property; and all as was in her own power to dispose of as she pleased. ‘She was a lone woman, God help her! her relatives were worthless and unkindful—she wanted a husband and an heir—and the *finale* was, that her hand and fortune were at my disposal.’ Odds wrinkles! here was a confession! What the devil was I to say or do? I stammered out my thanks; told the old story, not a marrying man—but,

of course, eternally obliged by the preference—took a polite leave of the dowager, and kissed the maid as she let me out. When I found myself in my own apartments, I could not but smile at the singularity of the matrimonial proposition I had received. Here, indeed, were a wife and fortune, and both unconditionally offered. I fancied the astonishment that the production of such a consort would create at home; smiled at its gross absurdity; and yet, before three suns set, Mrs. Green had legally become Mrs. M’Dermot!”

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ADEN.

(With these few columns we conclude Capt. Mignault’s interesting account of this important station.)

THE various improvements now carrying on at Aden will lead to the removal of nuisances with which certain parts of the town have been so long infested, and dispense with the eternal application of the *mouchoir*, which is any thing but agreeable to the feelings of those who are accustomed to inhale an unpolluted atmosphere. It is a miracle that the angel of death so seldom visits the purlieus of Aden. Ullah ke-reem! God is merciful! That part of the town near the new post-office, which is exclusively under the jurisdiction of the civil authorities, is never cleaned except by the fishing-eagle. This bird acts his part as scavenger with avidity and utility, in the total absence of the carrion-crow, which, together with the sparrow, have not yet been introduced. The extensive burying-grounds are so offensively defiled, emitting such fetid exhalations and effluvia, that I have often asked myself how it is possible health can ever dwell herein; and by what means a spot, which not all the perfumes of Arabia have hitherto sweetened, has been preserved from that dreadful scourge which visits the realms of Mohammedanism (always the original soil of the disease) with every summer’s sun? The plague has been known to shape its course through the heart of Yemen, and up to the barrier-gates of Aden, covering the desert with corpses, like the march of a destroying army. It is fervently to be hoped, however, that the breathing fluid (evidently antiseptic in its nature), which has hitherto preserved the inhabitants of Aden, may never cease to hover over its plutonic peninsula. Nevertheless the rank oil of Tripoli should form a staple article of commerce here; for who knows whether the panacea of the plague may not be in the touch and taste of train oil? Along the shores of the Mediterranean, the oil-porters, who are anointed with oil from head to foot, and whose food even is saturated with oil, are never attacked by the plague.\* When this disease devastated Malta about thirty years ago, the commanding-officer of one of the regiments of the garrison, hearing of the escape of the oil-porters on the opposite coast, ordered his men to dip their shirts in oil every morning, and, after wringing them, to wear them in this state. They did so, and the operation saved them wholly from the mortality that almost devastated the island.

When we came to Aden in January 1839, its aspect fully justified its name—*A den*. Its streets were blocked up with fallen habitations; its trade was annihilated; its decay was complete; every vestige of its former condition had passed into nothingness. Not a monument of any architectural pretension was de-

veloped, even by excavation: there was absolutely nothing to arrest our attention or claim our praise. If any reliance can be placed on the dazzling descriptions of Aden by some of our earlier travellers, the change must have been so sudden, that all has vanished like a fairy vision, and “left no trace behind.” Even Yemen is a wreck, a ruin, an anarchy, a mere wilderness, torn with intestine discord. Its inhabitants are wild, rapacious, fanatical robbers; their hand is against every man, and every man’s hand against them; foes to man, by man unbefriended, they exist in a state of independence, which has never been completely demolished. Their manners and customs are alien to the habits approved by civilised nations; their peculiarities denote their primeval curse; their race is expiring; their voices will soon have died into an echo. Their petty chieftains, intent on personal aggrandisement, struggling against each other, have conquered or fell, became temporary victors or future victims, or perished at once before the superior power of their foes. As in Arabia nothing but the sword ever heals dissensions, so has the population of Yemen shrunk into a mere shadow of itself as it once stood. In fact, the whole of Arabia is now miserably underpeopled. Violence, unpunished and unchecked, has reigned supreme; the hand of the chief cannot reach the aggressor; revenge is the sole retribution. The eternal feuds of the tribes; their envy, excitement, and predatory warfare, has entailed such an accumulation of evils, that the entire peninsula is cancered from within, and collapsing into ruin. From the earliest date, Yemen itself appears to have been a prey to foreign invasion. For nearly five centuries, the Turks, with very slight interruptions, retained their footing, defeated their foes, but never extinguished them. Their reign, although paramount, was never undisturbed: their final expulsion took place about the year 1630. At length the Egyptians made lawless invasion of Arabia Felix; and, sweeping like a tide over a flat surface of shore, overran a part, but failed in subjugating the whole of Yemen. Finally, the British Indian Government, aroused by the complaints and entreaties for redress of some native merchants and pilots, who, being wrecked in a vessel under-British colours near Aden, whilst on their passage to Medina’s magnetic tomb, were subjected to the most brutal usage at the hands of its robber-chieftain,—vindicated the outrage offered to our flag, attacked his stronghold, defeated his savage hordes, and, despite the sacred and inspiring renown of his maritime capital, planted the victorious standard of Britain on its bastions and battlements, where it now triumphantly waves between two shores, each of which already acknowledges our influence, and seeks an alliance with our free and tolerant government. Through the haze which floats over every distant object, the recasting of the gates of Yemen can be distinguished. Aden cannot revert to the decay in which we found it, but must at no distant period rise into importance in a manner hitherto unexampled.

As an *entrepôt* for the receipt and disposal of the commodities of India, and the obtaining other commodities in return; as a *locale* to promote commercial intercourse with the coasts of Eastern Africa on the one hand, and the extensive regions bordering the Arabian Sea on the other; as an intermeditation between Europe and Asia; as a *dépot* for supplying our steamers with coal, and repairing their machinery when necessary; as a pivot for regulating our overland communication between the Mediterranean

\* This completely confirms the statement in p. 64, of No. 1305, on this subject; and is very important in its bearing on the Niger fever, and all plagues and contagious diseases.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

and Bombay, Ceylon, and Calcutta, whence the intercourse with Singapore, China, and Australia, will be so easily established.—Aden from its geographical position must rise into a place of considerable national consequence, and continue of the utmost importance both to the interests of Great Britain and our magnificent Eastern empire. Commanding, therefore, the entrance to the Red Sea, and holding the keys of Babel Mandel, our enterprising travellers may more readily enter and explore the kingdom of Abyssinia, and finally penetrate to the centre of Africa itself, whence an expansive radiation must terminate in the happiest results, and our merchants circulate their merchandise through every artery of those vast territories which lie beyond its unlocked portals. Our commercial intercourse with the great tribes from the interior, which periodically visit both coasts of the gulf, will effect an interchange of the respective national productions, and impart such benefits over their vast solitudes as may eventually cause the deluge of Mohammedanism to subside from the ark of Christianity; and we shall send forth the dove with the olive-branch of peace and plenty eastward and westward over many a country, till its course is arrested only by deserts of eternal sands!

Our occupation of Aden is not to enslave the bigotted and benighted population of Yemen, or to follow up victory by desolation. We conquer to liberate the captive, not to spread, like the chieftains of Arabia, the degrading supremacy of force. We seek no territorial expansion; the country neither tempts nor deserves our encroachments. Foes of tyranny and wrong, we shall protect the inhabitants from the bloodiest despotism. The influence we must inevitably obtain over the Arab sheikhs, whilst it directly contributes to their amelioration, if not to their civilisation, will extend itself over the whole of Southern Arabia and the coasts of Abyssinia; an influence springing directly from missionary enterprise, which, it should be remembered, is of the greatest political importance, and which, though slow in its operation, must fling around them an electric chain, whose united links will convey an emotion to the very core. Instead of sinking from exhaustion and decay, they will awake to an appreciation of the benefits we have scattered amongst them, to a progressive and improved condition, to renewed vitality, and to renovated health; and we shall look forward to the peaceful consolidation of any dominion we may possess in Arabia, with the conviction that the secret of its preservation is the careful avoidance of its abuse.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 3.—Sir J. W. Lubbock, vice-president, in the chair. Lieut. C. Riddell was admitted a fellow of the society. The following papers were read, viz.: 1. "Abstract of the magnetic term-day observations for June, July, August, and September 1841, from the Hon. E. I. Co.'s magnetic observatory at Singapore." 2. "Graphical representations of the term-day observations from April to September inclusive, 1841, from the same observatory." 3. "Abstracts of the daily magnetic and meteorological observations for Sept. 1841, made at the Hon. E. I. Co.'s magnetic observatory at Madras." 4. "Abstracts of the daily magnetic and meteorological observations for Sept. 1841, made at the Hon. E. I. Co.'s magnetic observatory at Simla." The above were presented

by the Hon. Court of Directors, and communicated by the Council of the Royal Society. 5. "Variations de la déclinaison et intensité horizontale magnétique observées à Milan pendant 24 heures de suite, le 22 et 23 Décembre 1841, et le 19 et 21 Janvier 1842; par Signor F. Carlini, formerly member of the Royal Society." 6. "A meteorological journal for 1841, kept at Allenheads, Northumberland, 1400 feet above the level of the sea; with an appendix, by the Rev. W. Walton." 7. "Description of an observatory constructed at Ardwick, and specification of the work performed in its erection, by Mr. J. Jesse, at Ardwick; communicated by Mr. S. H. Christie." 8. "Letter from the Rev. T. Boyd to Mr. C. Babbage on the steam wave; communicated by Mr. C. Babbage."

The vice-president, in the chair, stated that he was directed by the council to call the attention of the members present, and through them to any philosophical inquirer who might at present be engaged in the prosecution of experimental research, to the existence of a fund at the disposal of the president and council of the society, denominated "The Donation-Fund," of which the dividends are to be applied "from time to time, in promoting experimental researches, or in rewarding those by whom such researches may have been made, or in such other manner as shall appear to the president and council for the time being most conducive to the interests of the society in particular, or of science in general;" their application to extend to individuals of every country, not being at the time members of the council: and such dividends not to be hoarded parsimoniously, but "expended liberally, and, as nearly as may be, annually, in furtherance of the declared objects of the trust." The fund was instituted by the late Dr. Wollaston, who contributed 2000*l.* 3 per cent consols, and it received the following additions: from the late Mr. D. Gilbert, 1000*l.* 3 per cent consols; from Mr. Warburton, 105*l.*; from Mr. Hatchett, 105*l.*; from Mr. Guillemand, 100*l.*; and from the late Sir F. Chantrey, 105*l.* The dividends in the present year would amount to 140*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* Mr. W. A. White at this meeting presented 10*l.* to the donation-fund.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 4.—Mr. E. A. Scott, "On the method and objects of scientific investigation in general," enforced the necessity and advantage of seeking unity, or an identical power, in diverse phenomena, and then its mode of operation, or characteristic laws; and of divesting the mind as much as possible, in relation thereto, of sensible impressions, which, if mixed up, tended only to confuse and to retard science. He shewed, from the history of astronomy, and from the progress of physical knowledge, how scientific truth has been reached only by this path. Copernicus made no attempt to define a power, but merely pursued simplicity and symmetry; and this he in a great measure attained by the expulsion of the geocentric for the heliocentric theory. This very pursuit was an unconscious tendency to seek a power; for unity of power would imply simplicity, and his great discovery was a step towards a single cause. The way for Newton was next prepared by Kepler and Galileo, who greatly added to knowledge by inquiries as to the form of motion in heavenly bodies, and the identification of the cause; as to the rate of acceleration, the nature of the curve, the composition of forces, &c. But Newton's grand question was "unity"—whether the whole phenomena were

referable to a single power. This he solved; and hence the fixed principle of Newton's laws. Mr. Scott entered fully into the subject; but his statements were intended only as illustrations of his views, and not as closely adherent to historical facts: therefore, in fewer words, with the same license, we convey the sense or tendency of his discourse. Like to the progress of astronomy was that of the twin sciences—chemistry and electricity. Dalton may be compared to Copernicus, Davy to Kepler and Galileo, and Faraday to Newton; and not fancifully, but the coincidence is real. Copernicus sought not a uniform power; Dalton did not ascertain the law, but only laid down a form of power; Davy, like Kepler and Galileo, approached to a decision, but he investigated what was the uniformity of power, not why it exists. By these means, as in the progress of astronomy to unity, the idea of a power was arrived at. The identity of voltaic electricity and the electricity of the machine, of voltaic force and chemical affinity, &c., led through Faraday, similarly to Newton, to the laws of electrical forces; not by any identity of impressions, but by getting rid of every idea but that of power and the mode of its operation, or a knowledge of its characteristic laws;—and hence identical power was established. Bodies are held together by a certain force; and when disassembled, a certain amount of force is exerted; a given fixed power, as it were, static and dynamic, is here exemplified, and sufficient to express all the phenomena, without the necessity of a thought as to the existence of one or two fluids. Thus has the identity of chemistry and electricity been proved; and so also that of terrestrial and celestial gravity. As Newton asked, not whether celestial may be like unto terrestrial gravity, but was it not that identical power; so Faraday, not whether chemical affinity was like unto electrical phenomena, but was it not the same power in operation. And thus only can future progress be made towards ideal perfection, which Newton entertained, and which many hope to reach in scientific investigation,—by finding unity in diverse appearances, arriving at the idea of a power, and at a knowledge of its characteristics, and establishing its laws or mode of operation; and not by sensible impressions—these are the very phenomena to be investigated.—Our sensible impression of Mr. Scott's treatment of his subject we have investigated, and compared with it our handling of the same: we find unity of design, an identical power, and a knowledge of its characteristics; but not the mode of its, or rather his, operation: his remarks and reasonings would require more time to elucidate, and columns to support, than we could spare.

### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 5.—R. J. Murchison, Esq., president, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—1. "On fossil bones found on the surface of a raised beach at the Hoe near Plymouth, by Dr. Moore." At the British Association at Plymouth, in August last, a paper was read by Dr. Moore, on those fossil bones; and several objections were made to the author's inferences. In the memoir read to the Geological Society on the 5th of January, the substance of the former communication is given; but its principal object is to prove,—first, that the bones could not have been derived from the emptying of a cave, bearing all the evidence of having been deposited where they were found at a very remote period, and probably long before they could have been affected by human



agency: secondly, that the beach with associated bones could not be a diluvial or drift accumulation, because it resembles in character a modern beach and contains marine shells, and because the bones were found not in, but upon, the deposit: thirdly, that the beach did not result from glacial action, as there are no indications of it in the neighbouring district: lastly, he maintains his former views respecting the beach having been raised above the level of the sea, and at a period about or probably more recent than the time when the animals whose remains are found upon it disappeared. Appended to the paper was a note on a mass of limestone perforated by irregular cavities, considered by Dr. Buckland to be due to the action of snails, but which Dr. Moore conceives were formed by pholades.

2. "An account of the contortions and faults produced in the strata underneath, and adjacent to, the great embankment across the valley of the Brent, on the line of the Great Western Railway, by Mr. Colthurst." The vegetable soil, on which the embankment was thrown up, rests on a stratum, four feet thick, of brown or alluvial clay, under which is a bed of gravel, varying in thickness from ten to three feet, and the whole reposes on London clay. The surface of the valley at this part gradually slopes towards the Brent; the difference of level between the southern or more distant side of the earthwork and the river being about 20 feet. The height of the embankment is 54 feet. On the night of the 21st of May a settlement was first noticed; and in the morning the foundation was discovered to have given way, and a large mass of ground, 50 feet long and 15 feet wide, to have protruded on the side towards the Brent. During the four succeeding months this mass continued to increase, and the disturbance to extend, so that at the end of that period the surface to a considerable distance from the base of the embankment had assumed an undulated outline; and the subjacent strata, where they were cut into, exhibited corresponding curvatures, cracks, and overlappings, in the beds, due to horizontal movements. In the earthwork itself, up to this time, the only evidence of failure, in addition to a sinking in the surface of 15 feet, was a large crack near the top, and on the side opposite to that in which the foundation had yielded, but slanting towards the same point. Passing over the effects gradually produced during a period of nearly 12 months, at the end of which the total subsidence had exceeded 30 feet, and the swollen ground at the base of the embankment had attained an average height of 10 feet, with a range parallel to the earthwork of nearly 400 feet, and an occasional horizontal displacement of 15 feet, the author proceeds to describe the nature of the curvatures and other irregularities produced in the strata, extending 220 feet, or from the foot of the earthwork to the Brent, the bank of which was forced 5 feet inwards: but it is impossible to render the account intelligible without the aid of diagrams. The remedy applied by Mr. Brunel was a supplementary embankment or terrace, thrown down on the protruded mass: and it has proved effectual. In the second part of the paper, the author dwells upon the magnitude of the disturbing effects thus produced by human agency; and asserts his belief that many of the distortions visible in the solid strata of the earth may have been produced by the effects of superincumbent masses thrown down upon them by the ordinary operations of nature; but while he advocates the explanation of certain geological

phenomena by means of pressure from without, he does not deny that many, and more especially the most considerable, irregularities which occur in the structure of the earth, may be assigned to other causes.

3. "Notice of the occurrence of fossil plants in the plastic clay at Bournemouth, Hants, by the Rev. P. B. Brodie." On the east of Bournemouth the cliffs consist of white and yellow sands belonging to the plastic clay; and as they range along the shore they increase in height,—beds of clay, full of vegetable remains, appearing under the sands. About half a mile from this point they are composed of alternations of white, grey, and yellow sand, overlaid by strata of clay, divided by thin layers of vegetable matter. In a bed of white sand, near the middle of the cliffs, are impressions of ferns, and a layer of sandy clay is full of small leaves. Somewhat farther are strata of sand and sandy clay, abounding with beautiful vegetable remains. The plants are frequently so well preserved, that the epidermis peels off when the specimen is exposed; and they are stated, by the author, to belong to genera of a warmer climate than that which now prevails in Great Britain.

4. "On the mouths of ammonites and on other fossils found in the Oxford clay near Christian Malford, on the line of the Great Western Railway, by Mr. C. Pearce." The section exhibited at the point where Mr. Pearce obtained his specimens was as follows:

- |  |         |
|--|---------|
| 1. Alluvial soil   | 2 feet. |
| 2. Gravel  | 5 "     |
| 3. Beds of laminated clay, alternating with layers of sandy clay chiefly composed of broken shells | 6 "     |

The fossils described in the paper were procured from No. 3, and consisted of crustaceans, which the author conceives inhabited the dead shells of the ammonite, and to which he applies the generic name of *Ammonicolax*; of numerous bivalves and univalves, of ammonites with the mouths beautifully preserved, belemnites, and an allied genus for which he proposes the name of *Belemnolenthis*. Of many of these fossils detailed specific characters are given; but as they do not admit of abridgment, we must confine our notice to the author's remarks on the structure of the mouth of the ammonite. Mr. Pearce is of opinion, that the lip or perfect termination of the mouth assumes a different shape in almost every species, and that it has a simpler form in the adult or full-grown shell than in immature individuals. For several years he has remarked, that specimens of what he considered to be full-grown ammonites with a perfect lip had a nearly straight or slightly waved margin, whilst smaller and, as he conceives, younger shells of the same species possessed in many instances lateral prolongations, equalling occasionally in length, as he has recently observed, five-sixths of the diameter of the fossils. During the growth of the shell, these processes, he is of opinion, were successively absorbed and reproduced, but were never added to the final lip. From an extended examination of ammonites belonging to various rocks, Mr. Pearce infers, that in the young shell provided with lateral projections, the animal filled not merely the whole of the last chamber, but extended beyond it, and thereby guarded the processes from injury, and received support or protection from them. On the contrary, the last chamber of the mature shell having been, he believes, sufficiently large to receive the whole of the soft parts of the animal, the lateral appendages were not required, and consequently were not added to the

lip. In the course of the paper, some remarks are offered on other species of ammonites, which apparently never possessed lateral processes at any period of growth, but are characterised by contractions or expansions of the shell at certain points; and in those cases Mr. Pearce concludes that the additions were made without the absorption of the old mouths.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Feb. 8.—The papers read were, 1st, "On the port of London," by Mr. Richardson. Previously to the commencement of the present century the accommodation for landing foreign produce was limited to one legal quay, about 1400 feet long, extending from London Bridge towards the Tower. Suffrage-wharfs existed; but they were in such a bad neighbourhood, and were so ill managed, that they afforded but little assistance to commerce.

The first suggestion for the construction of floating-docks was by Mr. Sharp, in 1773. In 1800 the first stone of the West India Docks was laid; in the year following, the London Docks were projected; and in 1805, the East India Docks were commenced. All these works were entrusted to Mr. Ralph Walker, as engineer; but in the West India Docks Mr. W. Jessop was associated with him. The paper detailed at some length the reasons for additional accommodation for vessels being required, and the causes of the obstructions in the river, and included tables of the increase of the numbers and tonnage of vessels frequenting the port between the years 1700 and 1795. It noticed the various plans for a comprehensive system of docks for all kinds of shipping, and then described the works at the London Docks—illustrating them by a series of clear and well-executed drawings—evidently valuable for consultation.

2d, Mr. Townshend's paper described the last of a set of curious ancient bridges near Lucca, in the duchy of Tuscany, which he had an opportunity of examining when engaged for Mr. Stephenson in laying out the railway from Leghorn to Florence.

3d, "An account of a Welsh iron-work," by Mr. Hardie, of such a technical character, that any extract from it would scarcely be intelligible: it detailed at great length the construction of an iron-work, giving the reasons for deviating from the usual mode of construction, and the effects which had resulted. The drawings appeared very complete; and the calculations were such as would be useful to the engineer engaged in similar works. A very animated conversation ensued between Mr. Faraday, Mr. Lowe, and others, on the chemical changes which iron undergoes in the process of smelting.

Capt. Goodwyn's and Mr. Turner's papers (*Lit. Gaz.* 1307) were postponed until next meeting. The following was the announcement in addition, "An historical account of copper-sheathing for vessels," by J. J. Wilkinson.

#### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 4.—Dr. Willshire in the chair. The specimens presented were—*Cistopteris alpina*, from Low Layton, Essex, by Mr. Button;—*Equisetum elongatum* (Willd.), from Collin Glen, near Belfast, and *Chara latifolia* (Willd.), from Belvedere Lake, Westmeath, collected in August 1841 by Mr. D. Moore, of the Dublin Botanical Garden;—*Occlidium Thesii* (Leefe), a new British fungus, found in May 1841 at Hildersham, near Linton, Cambridgeshire, by the Rev. J. E. Leefe;—British woods, by Mr. Twining. Various donations to the library and herba-

rium were announced. Read a paper by Mr. A. Gerard, "On the botany of Kotgurk in the Himalaya, from the Notes of Captain P. Gerard." Kotgurk is surrounded on three sides by thick woods, in which the rhododendron flourishes; they, and the neighbourhood, abound in pines, oaks, and almost every tree, shrub, and plant, indigenous to Europe, besides many others unknown. Amongst the latter is a species of small red bamboo, which grows all over the higher mountains, attains to the height of 8 or 12 feet, and is used for a variety of domestic purposes. The following were mentioned as the chief vegetable productions: rice, several kinds, mostly of the coarser sort; jow, or barley; oowa jow (*Hordeum caeleste*); kunak or kuniate, wheat; phuphura or phuphur (*Panicum tartaricum*); oogul (*Panicum emarginatum*); chubence or jabuncie, the grain of which differs little in appearance from that of the phuphur and oogul; opium, in considerable quantities, for export; three species of buthoo (*Amaranthus anardana*); red, black, and white kuchaloo or kenaloo; various kinds of pulse; a small quantity of cotton and ginger on the banks of the Suthy and other rivers; Indian corn, limited; kongnee cheena (*Panicum miliaceum*); and murwa or koda (*Paspalum scrobiculatum*). The jow ripens earliest; the oowa jow and kuniate fully a month later. In elevated situations in the neighbourhood the crops are often very backward, the wheat especially, which is frequently not housed till after the rainy season has fairly set in; and is sometimes reaped in a green and immature state. The climate and other peculiarities were fully described.

## METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 8.—Dr. Lee, V. P., in the chair. Several donations of books were announced. Mr. J. W. G. Gutch read a very interesting paper on the prognostics of the weather, as derivable from the study of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, combined with observations on atmospheric changes. Summaries of the weather for 1841 were then read by the secretary, from which we select the following particulars:—

	Mean Press.	Mean Temp.	Rain.
Carlisle . . .	29.724	47.9	39.082 inches.
Kendal . . .	29.550	46.17	53.854 "
High Wycombe . . .	29.562	46.03	38.171 "
Liverpool . . .	29.703	49.11	49.550 "
Thwaites . . .	29.913	50.30	37.325 "
Aylesbury . . .	29.544	47.50	25.432 "
London . . .	29.716	48.35	27.850 "

Tables were then compared for January 1842. On the 26th, from upwards of twenty stations in England, Scotland, and Ireland, the barometers fell from .64 to .73 of an inch. Some of the accounts detailed one of the most terrific storms noticed for twenty years, with a great destruction of property, and an immense sacrifice of human life. Proposals were then made for offering premiums for the best essays on meteorology.

## PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Feb. 8, 1842.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of February 1.—M. Ebelmen read an interesting memoir on the nature of the various vapours developed in smelting-furnaces, as observed at different altitudes within the furnaces. The object of such researches was to determine the degree of heat at various points, and to devise means for the improved regulation of the fires. He had arrived at the following results:—1. The gaseous vapours, on coming out of a furnace heated by charcoal or wood, contain watery vapour, carbonic acid, and oxides of hydrogen and

azote, but no carbonated hydrogen. At six or eight feet below the mouth of the furnace, the watery vapour is not found; and the proportion of oxide of carbon increases, while those of hydrogen and carbonic acid diminish, according as the observations are made lower and lower down in the furnace. 2. When coal is used jointly with wood for heating the furnace, the carbonisation of the vapours takes place in an internal zone, and the water is expelled from the metal at a very low altitude. He found that the proportion of gas which traverses a certain zone of the furnace per minute is greater according as it is further from the bottom of the furnace.—The Minister of Commerce communicated to the Academy some observations from the Industrial Society of Mulhausen on the importance of adopting an unit of measure for the force of machines, considered not only in the power exerted, but in the time required. The society observed that the usual estimation of horse-power was not uniform, and proposed that the unit for France should be the force required to raise one kilogramme to the height of a metre in a second. To this unit they proposed that the name of *dyme*, from the Greek root signifying "moving force," should be applied; and then that it should be compounded with Greek and Latin words, in the same way as the metre, the gramme, &c. Thus the *kilodyne* would signify a thousand times this unit, and the *millidyne* would signify the thousandth part of the same unit. Referred to a commission.—M. Guyon read a memoir on a cutaneous disease peculiar to Aleppo and some of the neighbouring districts. This malady, which shewed itself by the presence of pimples on the body, was observed to be confined to particular localities, and was supposed to be owing to some ingredient of the water drunk by the inhabitants.—The seventh volume of the *Mémoires des Savans Etrangers*, and the first volume of M. Puissant's *Traité de Géodésie*, were laid on the table.—A report was read on a new night-telegraph, invented by M. Villalongue, and was referred to a commission.—M. Arago read a communication from M. Rusiger, a German geologist, on certain geometrical observations made in order to ascertain the relative altitudes of the Dead Sea in Palestine and the Mediterranean. It appeared not only that the surface of the Dead Sea was 219 toises, or about 1314 English feet, lower than that of the Mediterranean, but also, from the geological phenomena observed on its shores, that the formation of the basin in which it lies was antecedent to all historic epochs. Hence the supposition that the sea was formed by the sinking of the plain on which the cities of the Pentapolis (Sodom, Gomorrah, &c.) were situated is incorrect. M. Arago added, that the observations of M. Bertou, a French engineer, made the depression of the Dead Sea below the Mediterranean 419 metres, or 1374 English feet.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, Feb. 3.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. J. Thompson, Linc. College; Rev. J. Carthew, Exeter College; Rev. J. Ward, New College; Rev. R. Powell, Worcester College; G. J. Bell, Balliol College.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—W. Savage, Queen's College; J. J. L. Pocock, S. Johnson, Merton College; F. Bowles, Oriel College; C. C. Clifford, Christ Church; E. A. Ferryman, University.

Last week the following was accidentally omitted:—*Bachelor in Music*.—Mr. K. J. Pye, Magd. Hall.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 2.—The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelor in the Civil Law*.—R. Coote, fellow of Trinity Hall.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Green, W. S. Chalk, Caius Coll. Dr. Smith's prizes of 25*l.* each to the two best proficient in mathematics were last Saturday adjudged as follows:—

First prize.—Ds. Cayley, Trin. Coll. (1st Wrangler). Second prize.—Ds. Simpson, St. John's (2d Wrangler).

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Jan. 27.—Dr. Spry in the chair. After routine business, Mr. Hamilton read a notice "On the vase of Midias in the British Museum," by the Chevalier Gerhard. The vase described in this communication has attracted the particular attention of Winckelman and other archaeologists; but the subjects represented on it have hitherto been misunderstood. The names attached to each of the figures, in very faint yet legible characters, which M. Gerhead has discovered, have enabled him to arrive at more certain conclusions. The whole number of figures painted on this monument is twenty-nine, of whom eleven occupy the neck and upper part, and represent a scene which Winckelman supposed to be the marriage of the Danaids,—and Zoega, the rape of Helen. The names of Castor and Pollux, attached to the principal male figures, and those of Eriphyle and Elera, belonging to the principal females, plainly indicate the subject to be the rape of the Leucippides, daughters of Leucippus, king of Messina: the action is witnessed by Jupiter and Aphrodite, seated. The remaining eighteen figures fill the lower part, and are divided into three groups, all referring to the expedition of the Argonauts. That in the centre represents Hercules and the Hesperides; in that on the right is depicted the story of Jason and Medea. The three pictures hitherto considered incontestably relate to love and marriage; the first and second are manifest; and the tree of the Hesperides is a common nuptial emblem: in the fourth subject,—that to the left in the lower division—the same allusions seem to be continued; but the persons represented are here more obscure; they are probably individuals connected with the particular event, to the honour of which Midias dedicated this work, as a magnificent marriage-present.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 10.—Mr. Hamilton in the chair. Mr. Salt communicated an account of the remains of the Roman wall in the neighbourhood of Aldersgate. From his observation, it appears that the lower and original part of the wall was formed of ferruginous sandstone,—a species of stone which is not found in the immediate neighbourhood of London. Sir Henry Ellis concluded the document relating to the project of "Mounts of Piety" in the time of Charles I. It does not possess sufficient interest to justify our giving a more detailed account of it.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR

## THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ p.m.; British Architects, 8 p.m.; Medical, 8 p.m.

Tuesday.—Linnean, 8 p.m.; Horticultural, 2 p.m.; Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.; Electrical, 8 p.m.; Chemical, 8 p.m.; Microscopical (anniversary meeting), 8 p.m.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.; London Institution, 7 p.m.; Microscopical, 8 p.m.; Pharmaceutical (educational meeting), 9 p.m.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ p.m.; Antiquaries, 8 p.m.; Friday.—Roy. Institution, 8½ p.m.; Botanical, 8 p.m.; Geological (anniversary meeting), 1 p.m.

Saturday.—Astric, 2 p.m.; Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.; Mathematical, 5 p.m.

## FINE ARTS.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

On Saturday there was a private view of the Exhibition, which was attended by many distin-



guished persons; and on Monday it was opened, as usual, to the public. Though we miss some leading men, the productions of art, 452 in number, do no discredit to our native school; and many of the works are of gratifying excellence. We shall in this our initiative paper notice a few of them, without regard to order or to comparative merit as respects others, to which we shall come in due season.

No. 1, a small *View in Holland*, by E. W. Cooke, is a charming bit of Dutch landscape,—firm, transparent, and natural. Nos. 44, 56, 116, 126, and 393, by the same hand, are all but one located in the same country, and some of them embrace subjects of greater importance; but all adorn these walls with some of their purest pieces of scenery, in which branch the Exhibition is not so fully supplied this year as has hitherto been the case.

No. 2, *The Wanderer*. T. Webster, A.R.A.—A delicious little familiar group, painted in the best tone, and full of character and expression. The childish family regarding the vagrant boy, with his curious cage, is capital in its class.

No. 3, *The Pedlar*. J. Calcott Horsley. Might well be a companion to the foregoing, with its group of larger growth. The tale is cleverly conceived, and not less cleverly executed.

No. 4, *The Saint Manufactory*. T. Uwins, R.A.—A startling title of a singularly characteristic picture. It represents the interior of one of those shops at Naples, in which are carved, painted, repaired, and sold, crucifixes, madonnas, saints, angels, and souls in purgatory; and truly the artisans seem to be driving a brisk and profitable earthly trade. The living characters in their national costume, and busy in bespeaking objects to which to pay their adorations, or address their prayers, or in ordering their injured penates to be mended in nose or limb, are faithfully portrayed, and grouped with skillful effect, both as to action and colour. And the accessories, which in such a performance are nearly principals, viz. the pictorial, and sculptured, and carved images of harmless idolatry, display all the multifarious variety of Romish worship. The whole design is happily original; and its selection and finish do equal credit to the artist's taste and pencil. No. 200, by Mr. Uwins (*Lear and Cordelia*), was in the R. A. Exhibition last year.

No. 14, *A Hero and his Horse*. By B. R. Haydon.—This large and striking picture occupies the upper end of the north room; and represents the Duke and his horse Copenhagen, but supposed to be on the field twenty years after the battle of Waterloo. In every thing this painter does there is genius apparent; and in the present instance it is evinced in a somewhat extraordinary manner, both as regards the position of the figures and the colouring of the picture. The hero and the horse are with their backs to the spectator, though the head of the former is turned so as to shew the features. The portrait is good, and the locality is made out with perfect regard to all its parts. It is the field of Waterloo; and it must have cost Mr. Haydon much pains to render it so accurate. We understand that he made his studies on the spot, and obtained also sufficient opportunities of doing justice to the lineaments of the hero of his composition. The sky is very boldly handled, and the reflections with equal boldness. A print by Lupton is forthcoming.

No. 17, *The Fair at Fougères, Brittany*. F. Goodall.—This is a great advance, and raises and establishes a very promising young artist to a high place in his art. It is a most Teniers-looking picture; a picture, for disposition of

the many figures, not unworthy of that great painter, and for the grace and beauty of others, of a superior order. All the rustic humours of a French fair are treated with skill and truth. The dancing, the drinking, the merriment-making, the repose, of old, and young, and middle-aged, are represented to the life; and if we might say (though not objectionable on that score), the whole only wants a deeper perspective to make it equal to the best times of Dutch or Flemish painting. Nos. 101 and 396 are other laudable specimens of Mr. Goodall's pencil.

No. 120, "*Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home*." E. Landseer, R.A.—It is a matter of rejoicing and triumph to English art to see an Exhibition again graced by a work from this easel. "*Be it ever so humble*," this terrier is a piece of perfection. It is believed that E. Landseer could not paint a dog badly, if he tried ever so much; and this example, at any rate, proves how admirably he can paint that animal. In its lowly "*home*," with only a broken brown earthenware platter as furniture, there is a sentiment in the countenance, the eye, the look, the posture, which embodies the spirit of the quotation, and gives it with all the force which human portraiture could give, even if done in the most successful manner. It is a gem.

No. 255, *A Serenade*. D. Maclise, R.A.—A most daring effort, and like almost all daring attempts in great hands, strikingly fine. All the warmth of Venice is poured over this canvass. The lattice, the lover, the beloved, form a scene of perfect harmony; and the attitude of the serenader is a study in drawing such as is rarely witnessed out of the highest productions of the highest Italian masters. This picture would light a whole room. The foreshortening is superb, and the general effect pleasing beyond verbal description.

No. 207, *Sheep-washing*. J. Ward, R.A.—As we welcomed E. Landseer, so would we welcome this eminent and almost venerable artist back again to our national exhibitions. But, though venerable in years, he is young and fertile in imagination, and strong and forcible in power. Sheep-washing is very finely painted. The whole tone of the picture is delightful. Its woody scenery on one side reminds us of the colouring of Salvator—the middle foreground, occupied by the fold and washing, overcomes a most difficult task with surprising ingenuity—the far distance here is also admirable—and the sunny slopes on the right, up which the whitened and frightened creatures are running, is nature itself. But beyond this Mr. Ward has imparted individual characters to them, which removes the composition out of the category of general effects, and furnishes details (without a bad pun) that may be read for hours, as we would read a *March to Finchley* or a *Paying the Rent*. To have effected this without unnaturalness, extravagance, or caricature, is a fortunate achievement; and it is to us a source of much gratification to see our old favourite once more in his place of rank with a production worthy of his name.

(To be continued.)

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Launch of the Trafalgar*, by W. Ranwell, and lithographed by T. Picken. Ackermann.

A lively representation of this stirring scene, printed with all the improved skill which is manifest in this art. It is upon a large scale; and the stone has come out in a very complete state.

*The King of Prussia*, drawn on stone by

F. Onwhyn. Schloss.

Is a military uniform, the portrait of our late royal visitor, of whom we saw too little to judge of the resemblance.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

SIR ALEXANDER BURNES, C.B.

As if sadly coming events did really cast their shadows before, it was our melancholy priority, only three weeks ago (January 22), to state the painful rumour, seemingly almost whispered by the winds from Cabool to Bombay, and thence to England, which spoke of the death of Sir Alexander Burnes in an insurrection, and was hardly accredited as a possibility when the mail departed. But it was too true; that gallant fellow has perished, together with his brother, and other officers who were at the court of Shah Soojah, and exposed to a most unexpected rising of the natives hostile to the British interests, if not to the sovereign they had placed upon the throne. The *Bombay Times* has given so correct an account of this distressing event, that we copy its statement, with such corrections from our own sources of information, and some additions, which we feel will be read with interest by the public.

No incident, says our Indian authority, which could have occurred to any member or members of the Company's service could have caused a deeper sensation of universal and heartfelt sorrow throughout Western India than the death of Sir A. Burnes. The feeling of grief which the fearful tragedy enacted at Cabool, between the 2d and 6th of November, occasioned, is, in some measure, eclipsed by the lamentation for one individual sufferer, so well known, so greatly admired, and so much beloved by every one who knew him. Carried off in the prime of life, 'only 36 years old,—so young, yet so much already done for immortality; so much time remaining, as it appeared to us short-sighted mortals, to maintain and to extend his fame.' Sir A. Burnes was born at Montrose, in Scotland, 16th May, 1805. His father is one of the most active citizens of that ancient borough, and also its Town-clerk; and has, for the last forty years, taken a leading part in all the agricultural and municipal improvements in the eastern district of the county to which he belongs. The great-grandfather of the subject of the present notice was brother to William Burnes, the father of Scotland's immortal poet; and his grandfather was the relative to whom, on his death-bed, the bard appealed for pecuniary relief. Sir A. Burnes having greatly distinguished himself by his precocious proficiency at the Montrose academy, obtained the appointment of cadet for the Bombay army, through, we believe, the influence of Mr. Joseph Hume—who, with Sir R. Burnett, was a schoolfellow of his father,—and arrived at the presidency on the 31st October 1821. On the 25th of December in the following year he was appointed interpreter in the Hindostanee language to the first extra battalion at Surat, when, on account of his proficiency in the Persian language, his own merit obtained him, from the judges of the Sudder Adawlut, the employment of translating the Persian documents of that court. His regiment, the 21st N. I., having been ordered to Bhoj early in 1825, Lieut. Burnes joined it; and during the serious disturbances which took place in Cutch, in April of that year, was appointed quartermaster of brigade, in which capacity he accompanied the field-force against the insurgents, affording important aid to the then officiating

resident, Capt. Walter, and giving early promise of that energy and decision which afterwards characterised him. Although not yet twenty years of age, his superior talents, industry, and zeal, had by this time fully attracted the attention of the authorities; and accordingly, in the month of November of the same year, he was appointed, on the recommendation of the adjutant-general, Sir D. Leighton, Persian interpreter to a force of 8000 men, commanded by Col. M. Napier of her Majesty's 6th Foot, assembled for the invasion of Scinde. In August 1826, he was confirmed on the general staff as a deputy assistant quarter-master general. It was at this period that he drew up an able and elaborate paper on the statistics of Wagur, forwarded to government in Jan. 1827 by Col. Shuldham, quarter-master general, with several high encomiums on the industry and research of the reporter, and on the value of the information the report contained. For this Lieut. Burnes received the thanks of government, with a handsome pecuniary reward, and had the high and much-valued testimony of the Governor Mountstuart Elphinstone in his favour. Just a year after this, similar marks of approbation were bestowed on him for the elaboration of a valuable memoir on the eastern mouth of the Indus. A few months afterwards he was still more emphatically complimented on handing up a memoir supplementary to the report already mentioned. In the early part of this same year (1828), Lieutenant Burnes had presented a memorial applying for permission to visit the line of country immediately beyond our north frontier, and lying between Marwar and the Indus, including the examination of the Loonee river. To this it was answered by the quarter-master general, that the commander-in-chief conceived, that the proposed investigation, if undertaken by Lieut. Burnes, would be productive of great and important advantages to the public service, so very little information having hitherto been obtained of the inhabitants, localities, or resources of these parts. On writing to the governor-general on the subject, Sir John Malcolm remarks as follows: "I shall be very confident of any plan Lieutenant Burnes undertakes in this quarter of India: provided that a latitude is given him to act as circumstances may dictate, I dare pledge myself that the public interests will be promoted." But such are the uniform sentiments of all his superiors on every occasion on which he was employed.

The projected journey having been for a time delayed, on the 18th March, Lieut. Burnes was appointed assistant quarter-master general to the army; and about the same time, a despatch was received from the Court of Directors, directing "a completion of the map of Cutch commenced by Lieut. Burnes.

In the following September, he was appointed to act as assistant to the political agent in Cutch, in prosecution of the survey of the north-west frontier; and an account of the expedition, given by himself, appeared in the *Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society of London*, 1834.\* On his return from this jour-

ney, and appointment to the political assistantcy at Cutch, he was disjoined from the quarter-master general's department.

Early in the year 1830, a present of horses from the king of England to the Maharajah Runjeet Singh arrived at Bombay, with a letter of compliments from the minister for India, Lord Ellenborough, to the seikh chief. At the recommendation of Sir John Malcolm, Lieutenant Burnes (who, we believe, suggested the mission) was nominated by the supreme government to proceed with these to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab country. The authorities both in England and India, conceiving that much information might be derived from such a journey,—in addition to the accomplishment of the complimentary mission in which he was ostensibly employed, Lieut. Burnes was directed to obtain full and complete information in reference to every thing pertaining to the geography of the Indus. That a better colour might be given to a deviation from the customary route so far as Hydrabad, he was entrusted with presents to the Ameers of Scinde. A regular escort of British troops was declined, and a guard of wild Beloochees was found sufficient to ensure protection, while they permitted an intercourse with the natives which a more regular force would have prevented. The expedition moved from Mandavie in Cutch on the 1st Jan. 1831; and after surmounting many heavy difficulties, reached Hydrabad on the 18th March. The unlooked-for detention, meanwhile, had been turned to good account;—a full survey of all the mouths of the Indus, and a map of the lower portion of its course, and of the land-route to Tatta, having been the fruits.\* Remaining a while at the court of Scinde, the expedition again set out, and reached Schwan on 1st May, Khypoor on the 14th, and Bukkur on the 19th; and after visiting the various places of note along the Indus, they arrived at Lahore on the 18th July. If the reception at Hydrabad had been cordial, that at Lahore was friendly and magnificent past description. A full account of it will be found in the travels to Bokhara. The mission left on the 16th August; and after receiving numerous presents and a friendly farewell from the Maharajah, they next proceeded across the Sutledge to Loodianah;—and here Burnes first met the present king of Cabool, the Shah Soojah-ool-Moolkh, then living as a guest within the British territories, and maintaining, while a pensioner on our bounty, the forms of sovereignty and ceremonies of state. His impression of the character of our future ally seems to have been most unfavourable—it has proved most unfortunately just. From Loodianah the mission proceeded to Simla to receive from the governor-general, Lord William Bentinck, instructions on their further proceedings. They were received with marks of much consideration, and the secretary, Mr. Prinsep, in a long official letter, expressed the high approval of the government of the extreme prudence and discretion with which Burnes had conducted his intercourse with the native chiefs, and of the value of the geographical and statistical information he had collected. It was necessary, before he should enter on a new and more formidable expedition than that so suc-

cessfully accomplished, that his charts, maps, and papers, should be completed; and for this purpose he quitted the brilliant hospitalities of the vice-regal court, and spent a couple of months with Capt. Wade at Loodianah, where seclusion and unintermitting exertion speedily enabled him to bring his labours to a close. In Dec, he visited Kurnaul and Delhi, and was presented to the Great Mogul, the fifteenth descendant from Timour.

The sanction of the governor general for the travellers to proceed into Central Asia having been fully and finally given in the end of December, the journey was commenced on the 2d of January 1832, just twelve months from the date at which the previous one had been given. The details have been published in one of the most interesting works in our language; and the author returned to Bombay on the 18th Jan. 1833. In June, Burnes received orders to proceed to England as the bearer of his own despatches; and he arrived in London early in October, the fame of his adventures having long preceded him. His reception at the India House, as well as by the Board of Control, was as cordial as the most ambitious could have desired; and the high appreciation formed in India of his services seems poor indeed compared to that in which they were held at home. On the 30th December he was introduced at court, and afterwards received the special acknowledgments of the king for the unpublished map and memoir which he had presented to his majesty. The manuscripts were put in train for immediate publication; and, after due curtailment bestowed on them in the secret department of the India House, were passed into the hands of the publisher, Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street. The success of the work was almost unprecedented for a book of travels; and Mr. Murray gave the author 800*l.* for the copyright of the first edition. It was immediately translated into the German and French languages. Curiously enough, Burnes, in his next visit to Cabool, in 1837, found that the Russian emissaries had been using the French edition, a copy of which they had with them, as a hand-book on their way.

The Earl of Munster was at this time president of the Royal Asiatic Society, when Burnes was elected a member, and had all the honours heaped upon him which the association could bestow. At the same time he had the silver medal of the French Geographical Society bestowed upon him; and the reception he met with on making a flying visit to the French capital was enthusiastic. It is needless to say that he was cordially received by the King of the French. In London Sir Alexander was equally a favourite; but the continual *feting* became tiresome to him; and he has been known to slip away from some distinguished party to witness a dramatic representation at Drury Lane or Covent Garden; for he had never been in a theatre until his return from India. Our departed friend was no churl; he presented one of the richest collections of Indian coins, from the earliest ages down to the present, to the British Museum; and had the honour of receiving a letter of thanks from the trustees of that national establishment.

When we keep in view that Burnes was at this time only twenty-nine years of age, and still but a lieutenant in the Bombay army; that he was without political influence or other aristocratic patrons than his own merits had procured him;\* that as a traveller he had only

wonderful sagacity. As a proof of these, it is narrated of him, that he dined one Christmas-day in great state with one of the rajahs, whose watches Sir Alexander, in the disguise of an Armenian watchmaker, on that day twelvemonth had regulated. Had he been discovered, his head would not have remained five minutes on his shoulders.

\* Vide Burnes's Travels; and, Narrative of a Visit to the Court of Scinde, by Dr. J. Burnes, K.H.

\* We may here sorrowfully record, that, while yet a mere youth, his communications, read before the Royal Asiatic Society, were numerous and valuable. They were always fully reported in the *Literary Gazette*; and Sir Alexander has been heard to declare, that he has sat down, parched, wearied, and tired, on the arid plains of Lahore, far from every human eye, and read our *Gazette*; the reports of his papers delighted him, as they shewed that, though distant, he was remembered and appreciated by the wise and learned in this country. His great characteristics were intrepidity, discretion, and

• His chief friends were—the Earl of Munster, Lord Ellenborough, Sir H. Inglis, Sir — Carmichael, Sir John Malcolm, Mountstuart Elphinstone.

been for a few months known to the English public, and as an author for a still shorter period; that the dry labours of the geographer or commercial statistic, in which character he was most prominently known, give but few claims for admission to the resorts of wit, literature, or fashion; and that the entire period of his stay in London was one of the most intense and engrossing political interest,—the conviction can no longer be resisted, that before he received the attentions every where heaped on him at this period, and under the circumstances, he must in his own person have shewn that a small part of his worth was known by those who took their estimate of his character from published documents alone.

After a sojourn of eighteen months in his native country, Lieut. Burnes left London on the 5th April 1835, and reached India on the 1st June through France and Egypt, and so by the Red Sea packet. A curious circumstance occurred on his approach to the shores of India. His brother Charles, the unhappy sharer of his fate at Cabool, had been appointed a cadet, and sailed from London on the 5th February. The vessels met when 200 miles out at sea; and the steamer having taken on board part of the passengers of the sailing-vessel, the brothers, who had left England two months apart, and sought India by routes so different, sailed into the port of their common destination together. On his arrival at Bombay, Lieut. Burnes was directed to resume the duties of assistant to the resident at Cutch, Col. Pottinger. In the following October he was deputed on an important mission to Hyderabad in Scinde, when matters had got into such a position that the supreme government had ordered the country to be blockaded—we were, in fact, on the eve of a war. By the time the party reached the capital of Lower Scinde, the mission was altered; and events appeared hastening on, on the Persian frontier and in Candahar, which made it expedient that Sir J. M'Neil and Capt. Burnes should continue in close communication with each other. Mahomed Shah had, in 1836, prepared an army of 60,000 men, with 100 pieces of artillery, for the attack and subjugation of Herat, which appears at this time to have alarmed the government of India, accompanied as it was with fearful stories of Russian intrigue, gold, and assistance. Burnes himself, indeed, was satisfied that, could the Persians succeed against Herat, Candahar would be at their mercy; and it was not till the fruitless siege and protracted defence of this fortress, which could not be begun till late in 1837, and ended in mishap ten months afterwards, had shewn how little we had to fear from Persian invasion,—that these alarms, wherewith at the time all India rung, were dispelled. The amcers of Scinde, it was found, had all changed their tone prodigiously since Burnes formerly visited them. They now took him and his party to hunting, feasts, and shows and entertainments of every sort, to shew on what intimate and familiar terms they were with the British government; and for the first time they gave permission for the residence of a political agent at Shikarpore. Quitting the line of the Indus, the party proceeded to that place, where materials were collected for the admirable report on the commerce of this great mart of Upper Scinde, completed and despatched a month afterwards to the supreme government.

In all these momentous affairs, and in subsequent negotiations, Burnes displayed his accustomed ability, and accomplished the most important results. "Finally," says the *Bom-*

*bay Times*, "he withdrew from Cabool, and returned by the road whence he came, passing through the Peshawur in May 1838. The governor general with his court were at this time solacing themselves from the heats of Calcutta in the cool shades of Simla amongst the Himalaya mountains; and thither Burnes was directed to repair. It is believed that the mind of Lord Auckland was at this time so thoroughly bewildered betwixt peace and war—the voice of Burnes and of the more experienced councillors, it is said, being on the one side; those of Captain Wade, the resident at Loodianah, and of the secretaries, M'Naghten and Colvin, being on the other,—that scarcely an hour elapsed which did not witness an alteration in his views—alternating as they did from peace to war, and war to peace. It is moreover believed, that on Burnes' approach to the vice-regal residence having become known, a deputation was sent out to meet him, and to entreat of him that he would not disturb the then warlike mood of the governor-general. On such insignificant events do the disputes of nations depend! Whatever be the weight of this statement, certain it is that the printed papers sufficiently evince an amount of vacillation nearly unprecedented in the councils of India: fortunate had it been had those for peace prevailed. From this date Burnes' life is a matter of history—of history so recent that it is familiar to most; while at the same time it is mixed up with state affairs so secret, that, as he himself writes to his brother Dr. J. Burnes, 'he could scarcely speak of any political matter without divulging somewhat of that which he was in duty bound not to reveal.' No man was more scrupulous or cautious on these points; and his communications to private friends from the time of his joining the expedition at Simla are, in reference to official matters, guarded in the extreme."

It may create surprise amongst those unacquainted with the system of our Indian government, that Sir Alexander Burnes should have continued to serve, when a policy so decidedly opposed to the principles upheld by himself should have been adopted; but it became his duty to his country to support that policy, "not because it was best, but because it was best under the circumstances which a series of blunders had produced." He had indeed offered to withdraw, but was entreated to remain. He remained at his post—and perished. Dr. James Burnes, K.H., is now the only remaining brother of the family in the Company's service.

Another brother, however, Adam, a solicitor, still remains, with his father, at Montrose; and we have the pleasure of having long and intimately known his brother, Dr. David Burnes, now in London, to whom, as to his bosom friend and confidant, he imparted his every thought. Dr. D. B. now possesses every letter he has written to him during twenty years, and communicating every event in his brilliant career. In one of his latest (3d Sept., 1841) he writes thus playfully in speaking of his brother Adam, also a man of talent,—indeed, most of the family have shone in their various spheres; though, perhaps, inferior to their father, whose speeches were among the only attractions which drew an audience to the convention of Scotch burghs in Edinburgh fifteen and twenty years ago, and who is the idol of his town, Montrose;—Sir A. Burnes says in this letter, which will be perused with a strong feeling in his native land:—"I have got a very pleasing letter from Adam about his boys and their amusements: they are flying dragons (kites). I have often wondered at what 'plays' the youth of this generation passed

their time—for in our day we had man's illuminations and bonfires without end: and the glory of all such has passed away. How well might I remember the effigy of poor Napoleon—the barber's block, the wig, the cocked hat, in which we equipped him. In fact, I have now a good deal of leisure to reflect and to improve myself, waiting, I suppose, like the horses at the stand ere the race begins; when that will be, I know not; but, if not soon, it will be no fault of M'Naghten's, as he burns to get away."

\* \* \* But reverting to youthful times, I find all my boyish passions returned. I have got bees and pigeons; and on the 20th of last month, in walked rabbits, turkeys, and geese, all the way from India—a commission of my own. How well I remember the care with which I tended rabbits as a boy, and rolled a wheelbarrow of turnips from old Adamson's at the toll-gate. As to turkeys, I see a red 'bub-bly-jock' before Scott the baker's whenever mine begins to gabble; and the geese and the goslings hissing ever present to me the neighbourhood of Balie Smith's, at the foot of the *wynd* (lane); so I have in the midst of Asia, you will not deny, surrounded myself by the friends of my youth. To these I have added guinea-fowls and game fowls—not cocks, for we fight too much in reality for me to encourage such sport here. You must understand, all these animals are unknown here, so that I have a sort of menagerie: but my object is to introduce these; and I am succeeding. As to potatoes, I have got eight acres, and six gardeners: and mean to claim a gold medal from some horticultural society. But a truce to this trifling,—it will, at least, shew you my mind is healthy under all vicissitudes."

We understand that a work on Cabool from Sir A. Burnes is now going through the press, under Dr. D. Burnes' superintendence; to be published by Mr. Murray, Sir A. Burnes' much-esteemed friend. We may expect, therefore, that his brother will lay before the world much of the valuable information he possesses. Dr. Burnes himself speaks in rapturous gratitude of his brother, whose fraternal affection has enabled himself to hold his ground while realising the early struggles of a physician in this mighty London mart of competition.

☞ We have just received, at the moment of going to press, a letter from Dr. Burnes, holding out a slight hope that his brother has not perished. How eagerly will his numerous friends and admirers cling to the "millionth hope!" We subjoin an extract, and need not say how heartily we desire its confirmation.

"I have a letter to-day from my brother-in-law, Major Holland,—a cool, calm, deliberate man, and whom Sir A. B. called his *alter ego*,—dated Bombay, Dec. 31, and in which he holds out more strongly the millionth hope that Sir A. B. has escaped, and is in the keeping and concealment of the Kussibashes, and who, I believe, are friends of Dost Mahomed, and may have protected him."

#### THE DRAMA.

*Drury Lane*.—As we repudiate dramatic pretension without the stamp of merit, and condemn vicious errors which mar the best purposes of the stage; so do we hail with commensurate satisfaction the production of every novelty which is calculated to refine and elevate an audience, and create a frame of mind favourable to the dearest interests of society. Such is the opera of *Acis and Galatea*, brought out here on Saturday last, and repeated on Tues-



day and Thursday. We have heretofore paid the tribute justly due to Mr. Macready as the Regenerator of the English Drama, and noticed, with no partial applause, the many difficult steps which he has taken to accomplish that noble national object. First, he had to redeem the boards from paltry show and miserable inefficiency;—the conduct before the curtain from quackery, and behind it from still greater opprobrium;—the literature from carpentry and Grub-street;—the approaches and enjoyment from contamination and disgusting interruption;—and all from puffery, swindling, prostitution, and disgrace. Having effected this Augean task in a measure beyond the most sanguine hopes of its friends, he had to re-establish what was good of old, and form what was excellent of new. With one or two slight exceptions, he has displayed an admirable judgment in both pursuits. Shakspeare as he ought to be, is the proof of the former; and modern novelties of sterling stuff, sufficient evidence of the latter. To Shakspeare we have now to add Handel, and produced in so complete and consonant a style, that we think it no stretch of praise to say we have Handel and Stanfield, Gay and Macready, the two living before us to receive the highest plaudits of a public tribunal. The scenery by our matchless contemporary is worthy of the music of the divine master; and the exquisite skill and appropriate beauty with which the whole opera is put upon the stage are alike honourable to the taste and feeling of the manager—taste and feeling which spring from deeper sources than the English version, and are drawn from the glorious invention and genius of the ancient and original creation. True *classicism* pervades every scene; and the talents of the mechanician and costumist have been successfully called into requisition to embody imaginations and natural appearances, in a manner hitherto unachieved in theatrical representation. The frontispiece (with two subjects painted from Ovid by Annibal Caracci, and one by N. Poussin) is a splendid work of art; and the other four scenes are illustrated in a no less admirable style. The sea absolutely ebbs and flows—the landscape is redolent of nature—Etna looms in the distance so substantially that an eruption would hardly astonish the sense—the pine-forest glooms—and the delicious shores and solemn temples, the waterfalls and moonlights of Sicily, fill the eye and mind with most delightful images. The groupings of the natives, and all the action of the opera, are equally classical; and even the (of necessity) somewhat pantomimic Polyphemus moves about without provoking more than a smile on his entrance. To Mr. T. Cooke, for the charming manner in which the music is performed, we owe our warmest thanks. The choruses are perfect; and the sweet melodies, so familiar to our ears, steal over them into the heart like the breath of heaven. The *Acis* of Miss P. Horton is what we looked for, from her earliest indications of talent, and from the *Ariel* of a former season. It is the most important part we have seen her perform; and it amply fulfils all our predictions of her rise to the head of her profession—for it must be remembered that her versatility is yet greater than her powers. Miss Romer, in *Galatea*, sang with infinite sweetness and effect; and Allen, as *Damon*, raised himself not a few degrees in popular estimation. The embarrassing *Cyclops* was allotted to H. Phillips; and perhaps, with the exception of a Lablache or Staudigl, no one could acquit himself better of the very difficult task. The cast of the minor parts responds to the superior attractions of the leading cha-

acters; and crowded houses and shouts of approbation nightly crown this gallant effort in a gallant cause—the redemption of the British stage!

An admirable *petite* comedy, called *The Prisoner of War*, was produced on Tuesday, and received with the warmth of applause to which its merits fully entitled it. It has a double plot—serious and comic; the former written in a pure and unforced style, and played with great feeling and effect by Mr. Phelps, a rough and passionate, but warm-hearted old sailor (*Captain Channel*); Mr. Anderson, an ardent young lieutenant, secretly married to *Channel's* daughter *Clarinda*, played very sweetly by Miss Fortesque; and Mr. G. Bennett, *Beaver*, the treacherous would-be husband of the young lady. The principal comic parts were sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, as brother and sister—the first, droll and humorous, provoking laughter at every other word; the latter, a study for the lovers of genuine comedy: nothing could be better acted; her every tone, look, and gesture, belonged to the part she was personating. She was *Polly Pall-Mall*, whether speaking or in by-play, when the audience might be supposed to be entirely taken up with the other actors. We could go on for an hour in her praise, so great is our admiration of her talent. Miss Kelly left a vacancy, which Mrs. Keeley only has filled. The other parts necessary to the plot were assigned to Messrs. Selby, Hudson, M. Barnett, Mrs. C. Jones, and Mrs. Selby,—all of whom acquitted themselves with great ability and effect. The author is Mr. Douglas Jerrold; and his well-finished production, excellently acted, fully deserves the unequivocal success which has attended its performance. The house was crammed, and the plaudits at the close tumultuous.

*Covent Garden*.—On Monday the *Irish Heiress*,—stated in the bills to be a comedy in five acts, by Mr. Bourgeois, the author of *London Assurance*,—was produced here, and passed a painful muster, but could not, nor deserved to, succeed. It is a failure even from the promise of the writer's former play; though that was of no high standard, and was rather tolerated as an ebullition of youthful cleverness and talent, which gave hope of better things, than as aught approaching to sterling comedy. But the new effort has all the defects and vices of its precursor, with hardly a spice of its redeeming qualities. It is not a human, but a regular pasteboard affair; the characters cut out as a tailor would cut out clothes to fit the performers. There is an old gentleman (*Lord William Davenry*), half comic and half sentimental, for Mr. Farren; and a pretty, coquettish young wife for him made to Mrs. Nisbett; both being after the model of *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*; and a situation to match the famous screen-scene, too, in the course of the play. And, lest the bravery of imitating Sheridan should not be complete without a little more impertinence, there is a pseudo Mrs. Candour in Mrs. Bolton Comfort (Mrs. Orger), and an aggravated *Joseph Surface* in *Sir William Stanmore* (G. Vandenhoff). To suit C. Mathews there is a sippant hurrying man of fashion; and to suit Vestris, to whom, as usual, he has to make what is termed love, but in this case degenerates, under an erroneous impression, to the most dishonourable proposals, there is a lively young lady, made Irish with a brogue, for the sake of a little change. For Harley there is vamped up a *Major Fuss*, whose very name betrays the secret of the appropriation-clause, as it refers to the bustling comicalities of that gentleman.

Mr. Cooper is a sententious rascally attorney; and *Wigan* is *Stanmore's* French valet, of morality equal to his master, and on a par with the "Subtle" of Mr. Cooper. The story is a sort of family embroilment—for nearly all the people stand in the relation of uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, and first-cousins, notwithstanding which, by the very stale trick of misdelivering, and consequently misapplying, two letters, these virtuous connexions come to believe each other the most profligate intriguers on the face of the earth, with false and bigamous marriages, the seductions and abductions of persons closely allied to them in blood, and other extravagances and abominations revolting to the understanding and the feelings. The whole is a tissue of absurdities, without one spark of nature to palliate them. Almost every character is worthless, and where not worthless, contemptibly foolish. Thus the moral is thoroughly bad. In speaking of *Marriage* at the *Haymarket*, we pointed out the ill effect of having parts rather less than half-virtuous, but still with some good in them; and reclaimed against the want of poetical justice in their awards. *Sir Harry Vivid*, a lover of one woman, yet trying to seduce another; *Adelaide Temple* in love with him, yet procuring a strange man to appear and be publicly received as her accepted, in order to pique *Sir Harry*; that same strange man, *Baldwin*, a thorough base betrayer of confiding innocence, and sacrificer of it to fortune-hunting; and finally, that Innocent herself consenting to be the tool of a dissolute and depraved conspiracy. But if these were faults in *Marriage*, what shall we say of the atrocities in the *Irish Heiress*? *Stanmore* is a repulsive scoundrel, *nulla virtute redemptus*; a horrid monster, such as the world never saw; and yet in the end he is getting tipsy with his *Uncle Davenry*, whom he has betrayed into a belief of his wife's dishonour; and shaking hands with his very generous Irish cousin, whom he has endeavoured to cajole and delude into a marriage with himself, though he knows he is illegitimate, and the wrongful possessor of name and fortune. This same Irish cousin is indeed a model of forgiveness and liberality. She does not even resent the infamous proposal of her other swain to make her his mistress, but treats it as a capital Irish after-dinner joke, when he was "happy," in a considerable quantity of wine. *Lady Davenry*, believing that she is not the lawful wife of *Lord William*, takes to revenging herself by hunting Mr. *Percy Ardent* (C. Mathews), and waltzing and flirting on the utmost verge of decorum—and far beyond the verge of discretion, self-respect, or virtue—with any moustached officer who may aspire to the enviable distinction. The lord himself gets drunk merely to perform a drunken scene; and the curtain drops on the general reconciliation and happiness of all these incongruous and villanous compounds—half-foolish, well met, is the order of the night, and rogue and idiot are left to enjoy all the rewards of the drama, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, "to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

We have only now to say a few words on the dialogue. It is a forced attempt throughout, and, ever ambitious of sparkle and wit, just reaches the same degree in both as paste does to diamond. A few of the smartnesses glitter for a moment; but the majority of them are of the lowest coinage, and bespeak the slang of coalholes, cider-cellars, and saloons; not the

language of upper life, which, in its worst conditions, has still something of gentility left, to vindicate its earlier and better state. There is a vast difference even between the blackguardism of persons originally well brought up and educated, and their low imitators of the clerk's office, counting-house, and shop. The latter are the *dramatis personæ* of the *Irish Heiress*—a piece constructed on the poorest principles of theatrical adaptation, which even if well done ought not to be encouraged; and if ill done, as in this instance, ought to be utterly discountenanced.

A word of the acting and accessories. Farren was, as always, an able study, and ably executed; Mathews and Harley (the latter having little to do after the second act) displayed their usual talents; Mrs. Nisbett was not in her right place; and Vestris's try at brogue rendered her exertions of no avail. Mrs. Orger as *Mrs. Comfort* was piquant and entertaining; and the rest did all they could for disagreeable things. Of the scenery and decorations? If tables, chairs, furniture, and landscapes, were a comedy, this would be an excellent one.

*Olympic*.—A smart, laughable, and well-written farce, called *Bathing*, has been played at this theatre during the past and present weeks. It is from the pen of Mr. J. Bruton; and from its unequivocal success should encourage the author to follow up this style of composition.

*French Plays*.—On Monday the crowd prevented our having more than an uneasy peep at *Perlet in Monsieur Jourdain*; but we saw enough to renew all our laughter and pleasure at his inimitable *comédie*. The inconvenience of our position put it out of our power to ascertain more than that the other parts were amusingly filled, and that the theatre looked gay and attractive. By and by we will go earlier, and get a place.

## VARIETIES.

*Ainsworth's Magazine*.—In our review of this new periodical last week, we ought in justice to have quoted the name of the writer of the interesting account of the Turkish Grand Vizier, which we extracted from the work. It is by W. Francis Ainsworth, the distinguished traveller and geologist, whose gallant enterprise and high scientific attainments have been so honourably demonstrated by his share in Col. Chesney's Euphrates Expedition, his own more recent travels among the Turcomans, and his earlier publications on cholera (to which he paid a deep and daring attention when it scourged this country), Irish geology, and other important subjects. He is the cousin of W. Harrison Ainsworth; and now settled, with all his accumulated experience, as a surgeon in London.

*Mr. Bullock's Pictures*.—This remarkable collection, spoken of in our last *Gazette*, will be found advertised in the proper place; but we cannot suffer it to go to the hammer without again reminding the curious in art that it contains some specimens of an extraordinary character, and is altogether (132 lots) an exhibition of rarity and beauty, such as it is seldom in the power of amateurs to inspect.

*Strawberry Hill*, advertised by Mr. G. Robins, is another object of extraordinary curiosity, in relation to vertu, antiquities, arts, and literature. Its sale will be an epoch.

*The Times Testimonial*.—Heretofore journals of every political hue have paid a just tri-

bute to the matchless exertions of the *Times* newspaper, so admirably conducted by their solicitor, Mr. Dobie, in vindicating the great commercial interests, not only of this country, but of the civilised world; in honour whereof a subscription has been raised to a considerable amount among every class, foreign and domestic, of the mercantile community. But for restrictions put upon it, it would have risen to a far larger sum; yet enough has been received to effect the purpose contemplated. And now it comes within the province of a *Literary* journal to record (and we with pleasure add our humble voice to the universal applause), that besides erecting a tablet in the Royal Exchange, and another in the *Times* printing-office, to commemorate this noble and patriotic stand, the bulk of the fund, above 2000*l.*, is destined to found two scholarships, to be called "The *Times* Scholarships," one to Oxford, and the other to Cambridge, from Christ's Hospital and the City of London School. We cannot conclude without noticing the rare disinterestedness with which our contemporary declined the application of the whole subscription to memorials which were enough to tempt the pride or vanity of the most generous of minds.

*Separation of Gold and Platina*.—Mr. Kemp has found that oxalic acid reduces the solutions of gold, and has no action on those of platina. To separate these two metals, therefore, and to determine their quantities, a solution may be made in aqua regia, and the gold precipitated by oxalic acid in the metallic state, and the platina by formic acid. The difficulty of separating these two metals which has hitherto existed renders this process of considerable importance.—*Journal de Pharmacie*.

*Ichthyosaurus Trigonodon*.—The remains of a gigantic variety of the *Ichthyosaurus*, proposed to be distinguished by the name of *Trigonodon*, have been found in the lias marl near Castle Banz, in Bavaria. Its length is estimated at above 32 feet. The teeth are of a conical shape, bent inwards and backwards, resembling the crocodile of the Nile.

*Palmpede*.—This is a French invention of propellers, in lieu of steam paddles and boxes, arranged at the stern of the vessel, to act nearly on a level with the keel, and like in motion to the swan's leg and foot—collapsing and then spreading out for the stroke. The ingenious inventor, we learn by the *Morning Post*, is about to visit this country with a model on a working scale.

*Earthquake at Biberach*.—The shock was felt on the morning of the 14th ult., accompanied by a noise like the rumbling of thunder. The vibrations were in the direction from south to east, lasted several seconds, and were so violent as to break windows. A fall of snow succeeded.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

General History of the World from the Earliest Times to the Year 1831, by C. von Rotteck, LL.D., translated from the German, and continued to 1840, 4 vols. 8vo, 2*l.*—Practical Treatise on Venereal Diseases, by Ph. Ricord, M.D., translated from the French by H. P. Drummond, M.D., 8vo, 12s.—State of Education, Crime, &c., with Proposed National Training-School, by J. Bentley, 12mo, 5s.—Etchings of the Runic Monuments in the Isle of Man, with Remarks by W. Kinnebrook, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Tate's Modern Cambist; or, Manual of Foreign Exchanges, 4th ed. 8vo, 12s.—The Chain-Rule: a Manual of Commercial Arithmetick, by C. L. Schönberg, 18mo, 1s. 6d.—Focket Formulary and Synopsis of the Pharmacopœias, by H. Beasley, 2d ed. 32mo, 2s. 6d.—The Four Reformed Parliaments, 1832 to 42, by C. E. Lewis, fep. 4s.—Temugin, afterwards surnamed Genghiskan: a Romance, by the Author of

"Aram," 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 11s. 6d.—Digest of the Law, Usage, and Custom, between Great Britain and France, by C. H. Okey, 8vo, 10s.—Chamber of Affliction, by the Rev. D. Smith, 32mo, 3s. 6d., half-bound.—Connection of Sacred and Profane History, by D. Davidson, 24mo, 4s.—Bayly's Practice of Piety, new ed. 12mo, 3s. 6d.—Visit to the United States in 1841, by J. Sturge, 8vo, 7s.—Miss J. Corner's History of Italy and Switzerland, fep. 3s. 6d.—Tales of my Childhood; Tales of my Young Days; Fairy and other Tales, 18mo, 1s. 6d. each.—Acta Concilii Tridentini, anno 1562, 1563, à A. G. Paleotto, edente J. Mendham, 8vo, 18s.—The Bishopric of Souls, by the Rev. R. W. Evans, 12mo, 6s.—Ovid's Epistles, in English Verse, by Miss Emma Garland, post 8vo, 10s.—Grotenfend's Materials for Translating into Latin, by the Rev. T. K. Arnold, 8vo, 7s. 6d.

General Account for the past Year, 1841, kept at Cobham, Surrey.

Month.	No. of days fell.	Rain.	WINDS.					BAROMETER.					THERMOMETER.				
			N.	E.	W.	N.E.	N.W.	S.W.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Difference.	Mean.	Highest.	Lowest.	Difference.	of Solar Variation.
January	17	2.50	7	2	4	2	17	4	29.836	30.44	28.93	1.51	34.00	39.56	28.54	11.02	
February	16	1.07	12	1	3	1	11	2	29.826	30.39	29.40	0.99	33.58	40.37	30.30	10.07	
March	13	1.30	4	3	3	1	11	2	29.973	30.50	29.43	1.07	40.90	57.35	36.30	21.05	
April	11	1.58	5	3	3	1	10	2	29.910	30.23	29.45	0.78	47.81	58.81	36.62	22.19	
May	18	1.79	6	1	3	1	10	2	29.917	30.23	29.45	0.78	57.86	72.81	45.26	27.55	
June	12	1.70	6	1	7	1	10	2	29.907	30.42	29.50	0.92	57.36	69.76	45.26	24.50	
July	18	1.93	5	1	15	1	13	3	29.908	30.22	29.53	0.69	58.37	70.76	49.66	20.80	
August	18	2.51	1	1	15	1	8	6	29.983	30.35	29.54	0.81	63.14	73.40	52.49	20.70	
September	17	4.13	2	3	13	2	6	5	29.848	30.29	29.27	1.02	69.10	76.36	49.17	27.13	
October	26	5.51	7	1	10	1	12	1	29.648	30.21	29.47	0.74	49.38	56.33	42.93	13.40	
November	14	3.69	7	1	10	1	11	7	29.833	30.45	29.65	0.80	43.33	48.72	37.52	11.20	
December	19	2.53	4	2	10	1	20	7	29.860	30.27	29.50	0.77	40.60	45.66	35.29	10.37	
Year	303	31.83	61	9	107	16	44	77	29.880	30.50	29.34	1.16	49.32	58.37	40.93	17.44	

The barometer is in the vestibule, and no corrections of any kind have been made in registering it. The mean temperature, mean highest and lowest, have been calculated from observations made on thermometers hung on a post, 2 feet 8 inches from the grass, facing the north, but in no way sheltered. The rain was measured by Howard's rain-gauge, which was placed near the post on which the thermometers hang, about six inches from the ground. Little dependence can be placed on the account of the winds, owing to the situation of Cobham Lodge.

\* Barometer not observed from 6th to 21st.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* Our memoir of Sir A. Burnes, containing new matter, and a very interesting letter from him, has been crunched somewhat on our reviews; but there has been nothing new this week to cause us to regret the limit.—We have included in our list of weekly meetings the educational lecture on materia medica by Dr. Thomson, to be delivered to the Pharmacologists: our report of the last meeting of the Pharmaceutical Society is unavoidably deferred until next week.

We learn that we were mistaken last week in supposing the Mr. Wyon employed on the medal of the King of Prussia to be the eminent artist whose unrivalled productions at the Mint have so frequently demanded our eulogy. The medal in question is by a relative of his of the same name.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## SALES BY AUCTION.

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As a more elaborate announcement, alluding to the leading features in this congregated assemblage, will speedily follow, the present is devoted solely to the pleasing duty of calling the early attention of the admirers of the fine arts to the incomparable collection of the fine arts given his undivided attention, for a period extending over sixty years, to the formation of this

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EVER ADORNED THE ANNALS OF AUCTIONS; and which, it is fearlessly proclaimed, will, on a judicious review, produce a sensation that it would be vain to seek for in a reminiscence to any former period of English history.

The private view will be arranged to commence on the 21st of March, and one month will be devoted to the public, commencing on the 25th March.

Covent Garden, Feb. 1842.

The Collection of Ancient Pictures of Wm. Bullock, Esq.

**MR. PHILLIPS** begs to announce that he will SELL BY AUCTION, at his Great Rooms, New Bond Street, on Tuesday, February 15, at One precisely, an interesting COLLECTION OF GALLERY AND CABINET PICTURES, combining many clever examples of the early German School, as well as those of the best painters of Spanish and Italian art; in particular may be mentioned two pictures, by John Van Huchtenburgh, of the famous "Battle of Naseby," in 1645, and the "Siege of Dunkirk," in 1658, painted with great force and vigour; also, two subjects by Titian and Veronese, the "Siege of Tunis," in 1535, by Charles V. and the "Battle of Mülberg," in 1547, both of great interest; "Jupiter and Antiope," by Correggio, a replica of the famous work in the Louvre; "In Descent of Christianity," by Schiolden; "Christ surrounded with Angels and Saints in Adoration," by Correggio; "St. John," by Caracci, from the Orleans Collection; and many other of his merits.

M. Angelo, Caracci, A. del Sarto, Teniers, Titian, P. Veronese, Schiolden, Van Falons, Domenichino, Guido, Lanini, Guardi, Carillo, C. Verace, C. Watteau, &c. The principal part of this collection was purchased by Mr. Bullock, at St. Lewis, on the Upper Mississippi, and is considered to have formerly a part of the collection of Charles V. of Spain. May be viewed two days previous to the sale, and catalogue had at Mr. Phillips's.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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